JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES

LAKE COMO   THE UPPER DANUBE

BOHEMIA

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JOHN L. STODDARD'S LECTURES

ILLUSTRATED AND EMBELLISHED WITH VIEWS OF THE WORLD'S FAMOUS PLACES AND PEOPLE, BEING THE IDENTICAL DISCOURSES DELIVERED DURING THE PAST EIGHTEEN YEARS UNDER THE TITLE OF THE STODDARD LECTURES

SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME

NUMBER FIVE

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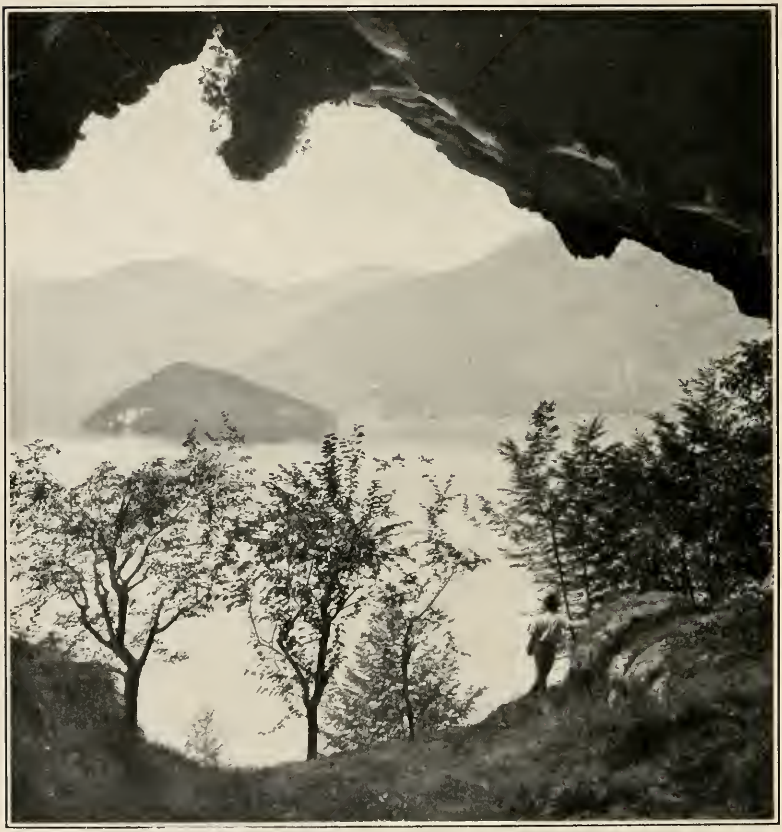
PREFACE

In one of the later volumes of this series the author wrote enthusiastically of his home in beautiful Meran, — the most attractive of Tyrolean health-resorts. Some readers of the following pages, therefore, — not so much from personal interest, as from a wish to understand a seeming inconsistency, — may ask how he can possibly have left so rare a spot, and moved his residence elsewhere? It is easily explained. His principal reasons for residing in Meran, aside from its remarkable scenery and mild though stimulating climate, were the idyllic quiet and simplicity of his surroundings. The spirit of the age, however, is opposed to all such places. It hunts them out with ferret-like tenacity, and ruthlessly transforms their gardens, groves, and vineyards into Grand Hotels and dusty highways for the tram and motor. Every one knows how true this is of parts of the United States. It is still truer of Europe. A tidal wave of noise, vulgarity, and crowds have swept Great Britain and the Continent from Scotland to South Italy; and thousands of sweet, rural nooks where, half a dozen years ago, one found neat, quiet inns and simple service, have now become for lovers of retirement unendurable. The pleasures of a walk or drive in many places, once renowned for their tranquillity and sylvan charm, are now completely gone; and those who still are rash enough to seek the immemorial peace of the Black Forest, the sea-girt cliff-road of the Riviera, innumerable sections of old rural England, and even some of the stupendous passes of the solemn Alps, now do so at the peril of their lives. It was precisely to escape this inundation of the twentieth century methods that the author left Meran, and

chose for his abode a point on the Italian lakes, as yet beyond the reach of motor cars and trams. It is, of course, merely a question of time when these will follow him. No lovely spot within the limits of civilization will be long exempt from them. But now at least the only means of reaching the abode, aside from walking, is either a rowboat, or one of the pretty steamers which, swan-like, glide from time to time up to a little pier beside an ivied wall. This portion of the lake, at least, is therefore dustless. Have dwellers in a town, or even country residents near a highroad, any conception of the blessedness of



BEYOND THE REACH OF MOTOR CARS.

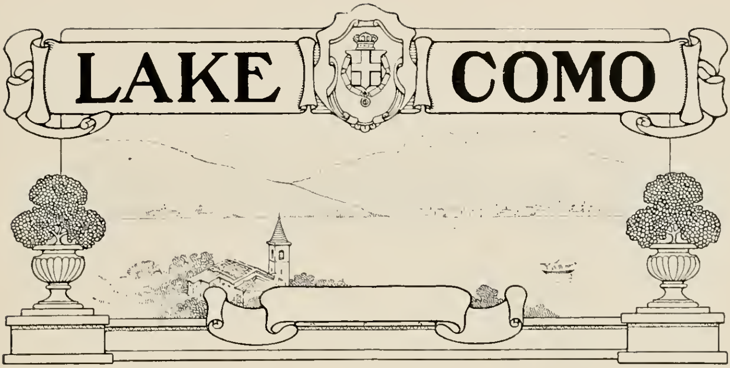
being absolutely free from dust? That beatific state of things is here an established fact. The breezes blowing o'er these waves bring no impurities upon their wings.

No horses pass my gates. No pungent trail of gasolene profanes the perfume of the roses on my garden wall. Occasionally, it is true, a cyclist whizzes by the terrace, like a dragon-fly, but such disturbers of the peace are rare. "A sure sign of advancing age," some readers will remark, in pity and amusement at so strange a choice. Yet what is age, if unvexed by infirmities, but the serene enjoyment of that better part of life for which the first was made?

A DUSTLESS PARADISE.

John L. Stoddard.

LAKE COMO



THE world concedes the sovereign beauty of Lake Como. Its fame began with Roman civilization. It never was more widespread than to-day. Two thousand years of adulation have not spoiled it. Serene in its perennial loveliness, it greets us with the freshness of eternal youth. Day after day delighted tourists glide along its surface, now voicing their enthusiasm in a dozen dialects ; now silent, yet revealing eloquently by their eager faces the admiration common to them all. Ensconced beneath magnolia trees upon the border of that portion of Lake Como, called the Tremezzina

SERENE IN ITS PERENNIAL LOVELINESS.

THE PASSING STEAMER.

Bay, I watch the steamers slipping by, freighted with happy travelers. They pass before me like a series of spectators, admitted section after section to behold a masterpiece. If, through familiarity, I could possibly forget the splendor of this scene, the oft-recurring transit of enraptured tourists would prevent it. Among them I occasionally see — not often traveling with maids and couriers — faces illumined by a tranquil joy, which tells me that this Old World tour is for them the realization of a life-long dream, cherished and toiled for during years of study and self-sacrifice. These are the visitors I love to recognize, as coming justly to their own. For not alone do great desires usually prove prophetic of their own fulfillment; they necessarily prepare the soul to comprehend the noble and the beautiful, when it at last beholds them. One feels instinctively that thoughtful tourists, such as these, have never bowed the knee to the demoralizing demon of the age, at present deified under the name of Speed. Within the sacred cloisters

of their hearts the flowers of sentiment are not withered by the breath of cynicism. Their slender outfit holds not only Baedeker, but Byron. They do not fail to kindle their enthusiasm at the flame of poetry; still less to quicken their imagination at the inextinguishable embers of the past. For them the all-important question will be always, not Have I done Europe, but What has Europe done for me?

What an unusual privilege, in a world so full of misery, to witness, hour after hour, genuine enjoyment! Most of the towns we dwell in are but smoke-dimmed battlefields, heart-breaking in the tragedies resulting from their social and commercial competition. The faces we encounter there are haggard, stoical, and sad. But on these shores one breathes an atmosphere of pure serenity. Between this region and the world's unrest Lake Como's zone of azure curves about us like a moat, across which rumors of the wars of nations and of individuals arrive like softened echoes from an unreal world. Hence many a weary stranger who comes hither from those fields of conflict, and must soon return to them, surveys this vision of tranquillity and beauty with pathetic wistfulness. Sometimes a sense of deep humility sweeps over me at thought of my good fortune in having this magnificent vista constantly before me, while practically all those furloughed travelers can

MAKING A LANDING.

view it only from a wingèd boat. A voyage of several hours, or a few days' sojourn at a single point upon the shore, form usually their sole acquaintance with it, and yet that brief experience must suffice to furnish them with life-long memories and inspiration! The weather may, however, prove unpropitious. Mists may conceal the mountains, or rain invest with gloom romantic sites which Italy's "*bel sole*" would have made delightful, while the inexorable goading of a fixed itinerary makes it

SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS.

impossible for them to await unclouded sunshine. When, therefore, under such conditions the resident here reflects that in a day or two, perhaps within as many hours, all will have changed, and the divine attractions of the lake will have again revealed themselves, it is with genuine sadness that he sees the travelers who have had but partial glimpses of this peaceful paradise, depart and vanish in the whirlpool of the outer world.

A PORTION OF THE TREMEZZINA BAY.

Lake Como occupies a valley of great depth, which, stretching southward from the Alps for fifteen miles, bifurcates at Bellaggio; one branch, thus formed, extending slightly eastward till it reaches Lecco, the other westward till it ends at Como. Hence, since these towns are nearly equidistant from Bellaggio, Lake Como forms three basins practically of the same dimensions, having in places the surprising depth of thirteen hundred feet. Its outline, therefore, is peculiar.

THE INVERTED Y.

It may be roughly likened to an inverted Y, some thirty miles in length; or to the figure of a man, striding impetuously westward — his head at Colico, and his waist at Bellaggio, while Como lies beneath his foremost heel, and Lecco at the other. On such a varied shore-line, touched at several points by European thoroughfares, it is not hard to find an opportunity for introduction to Lake Como. Its most frequented portal is the place from which it takes its name. Como, however, has

a life in many ways independent of the lake on which it lies.

For, distant only twenty-eight miles by rail from Milan, it shares in the prosperity and progress of that great metropolis, and is to-day a city of thirty-nine thousand inhabitants, as well as the capital of the province of Como, whose thirty-five hundred silk-looms give employment to fifty thousand laborers, and annually turn out silken products to the value of twelve million dollars. The origin and early history of Como are shrouded in the shadows of a distant past. Some centuries before the birth of Christ the Etruscans had a settlement there; but of that primitive, artistic race — in many ways the teacher and the civilizer of young Rome — we still know little, save that it fell, and well-nigh passed into oblivion under those inroads of barbarians, which mark for centuries the tragic history of northern Italy. Lying in this exposed position on the dan-

COMO.

gerous frontier of Cisalpine Gaul, Como received repeatedly from Rome assistance in the form of colonists, who were expected, in return for lands and civic privileges, to ward off the invading Celts, and give protection to the Roman State. Cæsar particularly favored Comum, as it was then called, and once established there a settlement of five thousand immigrants, among whom were so many Greeks that traces of their language still exist along the lake. In fact, the name of Como is supposed to be derived from the Greek *κώμη*, — a small town. The city shared the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes, of the crumbling empire; and after Rome herself had fallen, Como, together with the whole of northern Italy, passed into a millennium of misery. One rises from a reading of the intrigues, massacres, and wars which stain its annals for a thousand years, with horror at the inhumanity, and pity for the sufferings, of mankind. No better cure for pessimism can be found than an intelligent study of conditions dominant in this region during those dark ages, and a comparison between them and the customs now existing there. Into that blood-stained labyrinth of crime it would be prof-

OLD TWELFTH CENTURY GATE.

itless to enter; yet to peer shudderingly for a moment into its repulsive depths is almost a necessity, if one would gain the faintest comprehension of the historic background of this lovely lake, and thus appreciate by contrast the peace it now enjoys. Among the earliest conquerors of Italy after Rome's decline were the Lombards, who in the latter part of the sixth century swept southward from their home in Hungary under their savage leader, Alboin. After subduing most of the Italian cities, except Rome and Ravenna, this Lombard king divided up the subjugated land among some thirty-six of his subordinates, who were to rule their "dukedoms," on condition that they paid him a substantial tribute, and aided him in time of war. When, five years later, at Verona, Alboin was poisoned by his wife for having forced her to drink wine from a cup which had been fashioned out of her father's skull, these separate potentates grew

THE OLD CITY HALL OF COMO.

more important. Each was a petty tyrant, beneath whom were his feudal counts, who held in leash for him their men at arms, while under all lay finally the exploited and wretched people. Contended for by wrangling rivals, the fertile "Lombard Plains" thenceforth became for centuries the scene of ceaseless warfare, treachery, and murder. A period of respite came, when Charlemagne destroyed the Lombard power, and, adding Italy to his vast dominions, gave this unfortunate land for two-score years a reasonable government; but soon the tragedy of internecine wars began again. Cities became armed camps. The towns retreated to the crests of easily defended hills. On every vantage point huge castles of prodigious strength were built, to form the stronghold of a garrison, and to resist a siege. Even this lake was furrowed

A NORTH-ITALIAN OF THE CINQUE CENTO.

TOMB OF A BISHOP OF COMO

frequently by fleets of galleys, each vessel furnished with an iron prow, propelled by stalwart oarsmen, and carrying scores of well-armed soldiers, ready to sack and burn all hostile towns along the shores, with the peculiar hatred characteristic of a civil war. What added to the hopelessness and horror of the situation was the endless strife between successive popes and German emperors, each of whom aimed at absolute supremacy. Certain Italian cities formed a league of papal partizans, known as Guelphs. As many other cities swore allegiance to the Imperialists, who were designated Ghibellines. To give a full account of all the feuds and fratricidal wars between these irreconcilable factions would be to write the history of mediæval Italy. Dante declares them to have been the cause of all the miseries of his country. Under their rival banners cities plundered cities, towns made war on towns, and even kindred families were estranged, and fought against each other with ferocious cruelty. The very architecture of Italian castles showed their owners' status toward these parties. If their possessor were a Guelph, the turrets of his towers were made square; but if he were a Ghibelline, their form was swallow-tailed. Most of those san-

A GHIBELLINE TOWER.

COMO AND MONTE BARADELLO.

guinary deeds, though terrible at the time, have, with the lapse of years, become too insignificant to be recorded. Accordingly, the general reader needs only to survey their hideous mass *en bloc;* as one, in gazing from a distance, sees not individual trees, but only the immensity and gloom of a great forest. Yet, as a characteristic feature of those savage days, we may bestow a glance, in passing, on a ruined tower in the neighborhood of Como. It crowns the summit of a lofty hill, called Monte Baradello, which rises like a pyramid of verdure just behind the city. This was for many centuries the fortress of the town, and the entire slope was strongly walled, to form — as its name indicates — a *barra*, or defensive barrier to the onslaughts of barbarians. Well had it been for the inhabitants of Como, if men had found no other use for it. But more destructive and

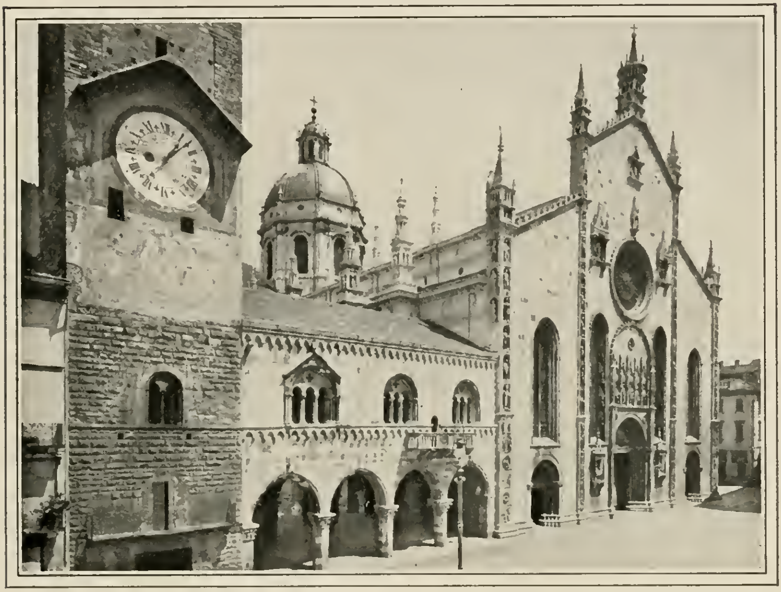
CASTLE OF BARADELLO.

disastrous here than warfare with invading Celts were the interminable feuds between Italians. Thus Monte Baradello was frequently the stronghold of oppressive rulers, and often proved in swift succession, as the site changed masters, a fortress for contending factions, as well as an appalling prison for ill-fated captives. There is a legend even that six Christian martyrs were here put to death, at the beginning of the fourth century, during the persecution of the emperor Diocletian. One deed associated with this tower has never been forgotten. Like Banquo's ghost, it will not down. In 1277, during one of the incessant wars between the rival families, known as the Visconti and the Torriani, Ottoni Visconti, the archbishop of Milan, captured his hated enemy, Napoleone della Torre, who had expelled him from his diocese. Swift and relentless was the churchman's vengeance. By his command Napoleone and three of his sons, together with a brother and a nephew, were placed like wild beasts in three cages on the tower wall, as objects of derision to their heartless foes. Madness at last caused Napoleone to beat his brains out on his iron bars. The others are supposed to have perished still more miserably, because by a more lingering death.

FRAGMENT OF CASTLE BARADELLO.

Yet somehow, like a silver thread woven in intricate design upon a sombre curtain, there runs through this historic back-

ground of plutonian gloom a never failing trace of classic art. How men could labor and retain ideals of beauty and sublimity in those days of violence, is difficult to understand. Perhaps æsthetic souls resorted to creative workmanship, as to their only refuge from despair; and no doubt architecture, sculpture,



THE CATHEDRAL OF COMO.

painting, and the silversmith's fine craft consoled them for a multitude of woes, which otherwise would have been unbearable. Such thoughts prepare us for the discovery in Como of a far more beautiful cathedral than one would naturally expect to find in a comparatively unimportant town. It was, however, an expression not alone of piety, but of civic pride. The cost of its construction was defrayed by contributions from the citizens, ranging from gifts of a few stones or bricks from those too poor to furnish ready money, to legacies of the rich, exacted from them by the notaries who drew their wills, or by the priests who heard their last confessions. The former, in-

deed, were liable to a fine if they neglected to persuade testators to bequeath a portion of their wealth to the construction-fund of the cathedral. Doubtless to some of these contributors religion was a greater comfort than even art could be to architect or sculptor. Weary of earth's continual injustice, they gladly helped to rear a sanctuary where they might raise their eyes imploringly toward heaven, and trustingly appeal from man to God.

Yet even so, such mighty structures grow but slowly, and several generations watched the gradual building of this shrine; for, though begun in 1396, the cupola was not added, nor the edifice actually completed until 1730. Experts in architecture tell us that this church is one of the most perfect illustrations of the blending of the Renaissance and Gothic styles, — the latter being typified in the austere and solemn nave, the former finding its expression in the stately choir and transepts. Certain it is that even to a casual observer both exterior and interior are admirable in design, majestic in dimensions, and rich in sculptured ornamentation. A special and original feature of the nave is the display of eight magnificent antique tapestries, suspended in four groups between the columns. Some beautiful stained windows also dim the splendor of the day into a tender

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

THE ADORATION OF THE WISE MEN, BY LUINI.

twilight, sombre enough to partially obscure two admirable paintings by Luini, but adding a mysterious charm to the old figures of the tapestries, so well preserved in outline and in coloring, though wrought by hands that have been dust for centuries.

It was, of course, an incongruity to flank the portal of this Christian temple with the statues of the two most famous pagan residents of Como — the elder and the younger Pliny; especially as they are not clad in Roman togas, but in the costume of the fifteenth century! No doubt, however, those who put them there reflected that such estimable Romans would have been good Christians, had they been born a little later. At all events, it is noticeable that their figures were not placed within the sacred edifice, but merely on the outside, near the door! Of these illustrious Plinys still more interesting souvenirs will present themselves at other points upon the lake; but here at least one owes a passing tribute to another native of Como, — the distinguished electrician, Volta. The monument to his memory, which graces the Piazza named for him, is scarcely noticed by the average tourist, so swiftly does the electric tramcar — toward the possibility of which Volta himself con-

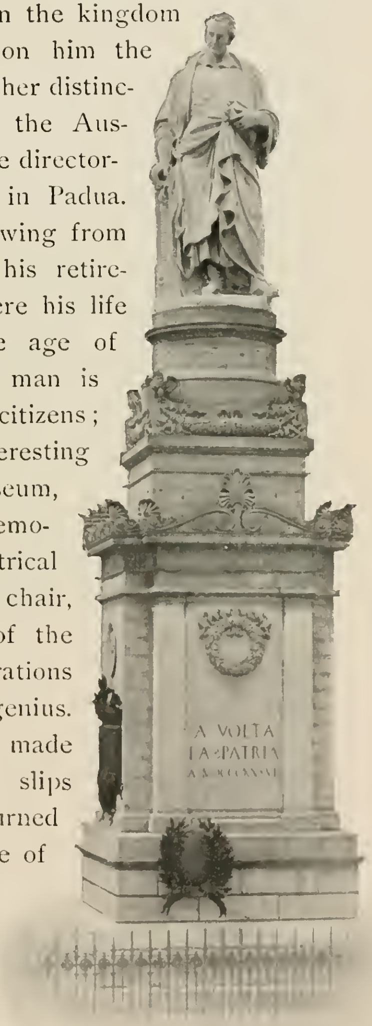
FAÇADE WITH THE PLINY STATUES.

tributed — convey him past it from the railway station to the steamer. If seen, it usually excites surprise; for we are all so prone to associate famous men and women merely with great cities, that we forget that geniuses are sometimes born in insignificant towns or humble hamlets. Como cannot be classed in either of these categories, yet many a traveler is astonished to discover that it was the birthplace and for many years the home of one whose name has been immortalized in the nomenclature of electricity. For various modifications of such terms as volts, voltaic batteries, and the voltaic pile, now form a part of every civilized language of the world, and are perpetual reminders of the scientist of Como. The knowledge which he gained in this mysterious field of research more than a century ago still holds an honored place; and notwithstanding the immense advance which has been made in the study of electricity within recent years, there is said to be little in Volta's writings which even now could be called erroneous. Born here in 1745, he became

A DOORWAY OF THE CATHEDRAL.

at the age of twenty-nine professor of physics in his native city, and subsequently was appointed to a similar position in the university of Pavia, where he taught and studied thirty years. His talents, happily, met with recognition both in his own and foreign lands. Thus, he received, in 1791, the Copley medal of the Royal Society of London, and ten years later was invited to Paris by Napoleon, who honored him with the title of count and a senatorship in the kingdom of Lombardy, besides conferring on him the gold medal of the Institute. Further distinction awaited him in 1815, when the Austrian emperor appointed him to the directorship of the philosophical faculty in Padua. Finally, however, in 1819, withdrawing from all active pursuits, he chose for his retirement his belovèd Como; and there his life was peacefully concluded at the age of eighty-two. The fame of such a man is naturally precious to his fellow-citizens; and hence, among the many interesting collections in Como's Civic Museum, an entire room is devoted to memorials of Volta, such as his first electrical instruments, his simple desk and chair, numerous letters and portraits of the electrician, and many of the decorations given him in recognition of his genius.

One of the first impressions made upon the traveler, as his steamer slips away from Como, with its prow turned toward the Alps, is the resemblance of this sheet of water to a river. Each of its three long arms is narrow, — never exceeding two



MONUMENT TO VOLTA

miles and a half in breadth, and averaging half that distance. The buildings, therefore, on one shore are always plainly visible on the other, and the white silhouettes of steamboats are distinctly seen, as they arrive at, or depart from, opposite landing-piers. Accordingly, Lake Como is more home-like than the broader lakes of Garda and Maggiore, and probably on that account has always been a favorite place of residence not only for Italians in their *villegiatura*, but also for the representa-

LIKE AN ALPINE RIVER.

tives of many lands, who have retired here to rest, — often to work, in undisturbed tranquillity amid divinely beautiful surroundings. Near Como, for example, on the eastern bank, near Torno, is the Villa Ferranti, where Pasta, the great singer for whose voice Bellini wrote his operas "La Sonnambula" and "Norma," lived in seclusion from 1840 till her death in 1865. Like Volta, she had been born in Como. Like Volta, she returned to its fair environs to die. Not far from the

VILLA-STUDDED SHORES.

former home of Pasta stands the Villa Taglioni, once the residence of the "ideal" dancer of that name, whom Thackeray and Balzac mention in their novels as phenomenal Moreover, farther up the lake, at Cadenabbia, are villas which have formed the temporary abodes of Verdi and of Rubinstein, and in which some of their finest works have been composed. Where shores are crowded thus with interesting objects, it is of course impossible to form an adequate conception of a lake by merely gliding swiftly over its surface. True, like a weaver's shuttle, the little steamer traverses repeatedly the blue expanse, touching now here, now there, on either bank. But such a voyage is necessarily superficial, and leaves upon the mind only a pleasantly confused impression of handsome villas, lovely gardens, picturesque towers, countless churches, and old, white-walled convents, set in huge frames of olive-groves and cypresses, — the whole relieved against a background of imposing mountains, always beautiful in form, and often glittering with snow.

VILLA MARGHERITA, CADENABBIA, WHERE VERDI ONCE RESIDED.

One notices with astonishment how far up on the mountain sides are many of the villages,—built when perpetual danger drove them to the heights. For, through the dreary centuries when barbarism triumphed here, incessant wars and deeds of piracy made residence on the shore-line perilous. 'Tis well that nature hides so soon the cruel scars of man. Beneath the silver gray of these old olive trees and the perennial verdure of the pines how many unsuspected tragedies have been enacted! How many lovely flowers now bloom from soil often drenched with blood!

A HIGH-PERCHED VILLAGE.

The first halt, made by the steamboat on its northward voyage from Como, is at the famous pleasure resort, — Cernobbio. Here a luxurious palace, built in 1568 for Cardinal Gallio, the son of a humble fisherman of the place, was subsequently occupied for several years by the unfortunate Queen Caroline, wife of George IV. of England, whom he in vain endeavored to divorce, and who died three weeks after having been refused admission to Westminster Hall, at the ceremony of his coronation. This building, after various vicissi-

LAKE COMO, NEAR TORNO.

tudes, has now been transformed into a Grand Hotel still called by its old-time name, — the Villa d'Este. It has, moreover, the secondary title of "Hotel of the Queen of England"; and whether its popularity with English travelers is due to the "strange witchery of a name," or to the stranger incidents connected with the life of the unhappy princess who resided here, certain it is that in spring and summer Albion's sons and daughters are more numerous in this hostelry than visitors from any other land.

The tourist who has chosen this for his place of sojourn on the lake, can make, at will, a charming combination of the row-boat of the present with the romance of the past. Seating himself, on any pleasant morning, in a pretty *barca*, the measured strokes of picturesque oarsmen can soon sweep him backward to the memories of two thousand years. Perhaps the greatest fascination of Lake Como is the fact that on its waters souvenirs of classic days present themselves at every turn. Thus, almost opposite the Villa d'Este, stands the imposing Villa Pliniana, the site of which is unsurpassed in historic interest by any other on the lake. At any moment, as you are row-

CERNOBBIO AND THE VILLA D'ESTE.

ing toward it, some trifling circumstance may cause your boatman to exclaim "Per Baccho," — words which were heard here two millenniums ago. Yon passing steamer bears upon its side the title "Lariano," reminding us that Larius was the name by which this lake was always designated by the Romans. In fact, the ancient title still remains in use. If we may trust the explanation of this word which Cato gives of it, Larius is derived from the Etruscan *Lar*, which signified princely, or the first in rank. *Facile princeps* certainly Lake Como is to-day in the esteem and love of thousands of admirers, and Virgil's verdict is confirmed by nearly every visitor to Italy, for he enthusiastically called it in his "Georgics" "Te Lari maxime," a proof that he considered it the finest of Italian lakes.

Yet it was on a steamer traversing the stretch of water near the Villa Pliniana, that a tourist asked me: "Why should this lake be thought superior to so many others? Water is water

THE LARIANO

everywhere, and land is land. Surrounding hills and mountains differ, it is true, in height, but the effect is much the same. Why, therefore, should we rank Lake Como so much higher than, for example, Emerald Lake in the Canadian Rockies?" The answer was, of course, that, even conceding that both have an absolute equality in picturesque environment and natural beauty, one sheet of water does, and the other does not, possess historical associations. Between them, therefore, yawns the gulf which separates the scholar from the savage. One furnishes memorials of Cæsar, Virgil, and the Plinys. The other calls to mind the North American Indian and his wigwam. A freer life can certainly be led upon the banks of the Canadian lake than on the shores of Como; but that is true of all backwoods, contrasted with a library or drawing-room. Both are unquestionably beautiful and thoroughly enjoyable in different ways; only to one belong the birch canoe, the fishing-punt, and bathing in the minimum of clothing that the law allows, while to the other naturally fall historic villas, curtained barges, the

THE EMERALD LAKE, CANADA.

GARDEN OF THE VILLA MELZI, WITH STATUES OF DANTE AND BEATRICE.

liquid Latin tongue, and charming gardens haunted by the memories — and often actually embellished by the sculptured forms — of Daphne and Apollo. Perhaps the gravest fault observable in the rising generation is contempt for retrospection. Filled with an optimism born of self-complacency, and firmly tethered to To-day, it ridicules or quietly ignores the slowly gathered wisdom of the past. Hence, since a suitable perspective is the origin of reverence, it is precisely want of reverence that causes the decline in manners and ideals conspicuous at the present time. Without that quality, or at least without a sympathetic imagination, a tour through historic lands is like attending a concert, when completely deaf. One sees the motions of the players, but one hears no sound, and what enraptures others seems a bore. Travel was once, and ought to be to-day, despite a flood of vulgar witticism to the contrary, a reverential pilgrimage to shrines of nature, art, and history. But

ALMOST VENETIAN.

times have changed in this respect. The really serious tourist must constantly combat the modern tendency to sneer at sentiment, belittle works of art, and yawn at ruins. It is a sad result of suddenly acquired wealth and lack of proper education that droves of gilded calves in human form have been let loose upon the classic highways of the world.

Their principal characteristic is a scandalous frivolity. Unconscious of the awful spectacle which they present to gods and men, they speak of Rameses the Great as the "Cigarette Man;" make the canals of Venice echo to such slang as "To the woods with you! Twenty-three! Skiddoo!"; and motor specially from Cairo to the solemn Pyramids "to honk the Sphinx"! There is no greater proof of degeneracy than flippancy in the presence of sublimity. Mockery is the dialect of Mediocrity.

HISTORIC HOMES AND GRACIOUS GARDENS.

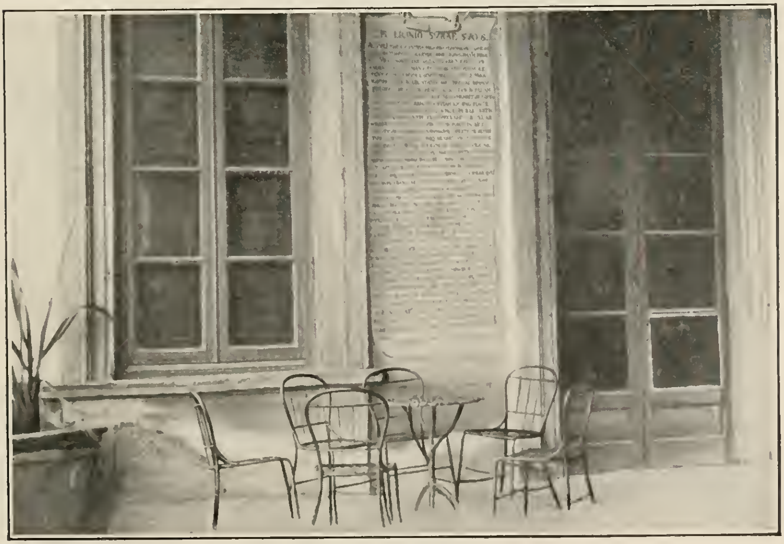
The Villa Pliniana stands in solemn stateliness within a solitary curve of Como's eastern shore.

THE VILLA PLINIANA.

So spacious is its size, so sombre is the background of dark pines and cypresses, against the gloom of which it rises in relief, that its bright salmon-colored walls are visible at a distance of some miles. Though it is possible to reach it on the land from the neighboring steamboat-landing of Palanzo, it is far more impressive to approach the place by water. Yet, as one's *barca* steals within the shadow of the wooded cliff that towers high above it, one sees that this imposing structure is now half a ruin. A touch on the incongruously modern knob of an electric bell near the old iron gate brings, after some delay, a taciturn retainer who, with a sigh well suited to the scene, unlocks the rusty portal, and leads the way up flights of steps humid with dampness and enclosed by sunless vaults, flecked here and there with mossy mold. Then, suddenly, one sees before him a large courtyard, bounded on three sides by the massive mansion and on the other by the mountain, from

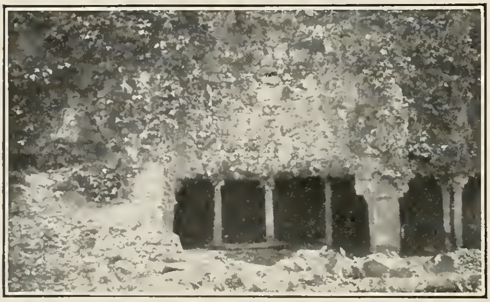
whose cavernous flank issues the stream described by Pliny eighteen hundred years ago. Lest we should possibly forget the Roman's words, his famous letter to his friend, Licinius Sura, is twice reproduced in fresco here, once in the original Latin, once in Italian. An English version of it runs as follows:

"I have brought you as a little present out of the country a query which well deserves the consideration of your extensive knowledge. There is a spring which rises in a neighbouring mountain, and running among the rocks is received into a little banqueting-room, artificially formed for that purpose, from whence, after being detained a short time, it falls into the Larian lake. The nature of this spring is extremely curious; it ebbs and flows regularly three times a day. The increase and decrease is plainly visible, and exceedingly interesting to observe. You sit down by the side of the fountain, and while you are taking a repast and drinking its water, which is extremely cool, you see it gradually rise and fall. If you place a ring, or anything else at the bottom, when it is dry, the water creeps gradually up, first gently washing, finally covering it entirely, and then little by little subsides again. If you wait long enough, you may see it thus alternately advance and recede three successive times. Shall we say that some secret current of air stops and opens the fountain-head, first rushing in and checking the flow, and then, driven back by the counter-resistance of the water, escaping again; as we see in bottles, and other vessels of that nature, where, there not being a free and open passage, — though you turn their necks perpendicularly or obliquely



PLINY'S LETTER.

downwards, — yet, the outward air obstructing the vent, they discharge their contents as it were by starts? Or, may not this small collection of water be successively contracted and enlarged upon the same principle as the ebb and flow of the sea? Or, again, as those rivers which discharge themselves into the sea, meeting with contrary winds and the swell of the ocean, are forced back in their channels, so, in the same way, may there not be something that checks this fountain, for a time, in its progress? Or is there rather a certain reservoir that contains these waters in the bowels of the earth, and while it is recruiting its discharges, the stream in consequence flows more slowly and in less quantity, but, when it has collected its due measure, runs on again in its usual strength and fulness? Or lastly, is there I know not what kind of subterranean counterpoise, that throws up the water when the fountain is dry, and keeps it back when it is full? You, who are so well qualified for the enquiry, will examine into the causes of this wonderful phenomenon; it will be sufficient for me if I have given you an adequate description of it. Farewell."



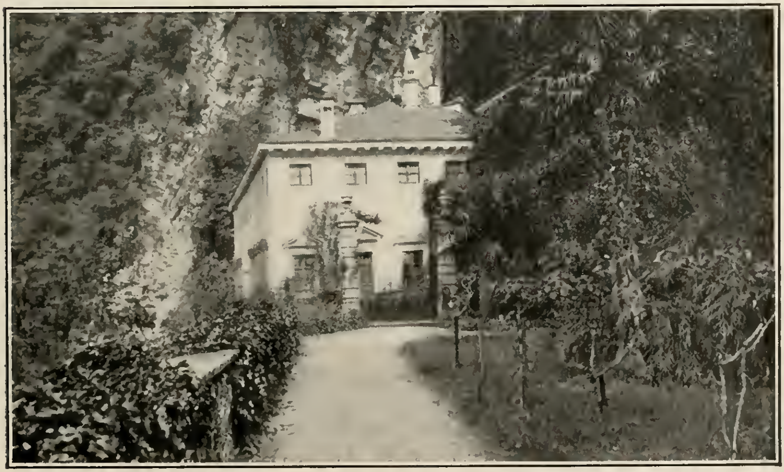
THE INTERMITTENT SPRING.

To linger leisurely beside this intermittent stream, and watch its ebb and flow, before it passes underneath the villa to the lake, requires more time than one can usually spend here, particularly as the guardian is reluctant to remain for hours with an unknown traveler. But in repeated visits I have seen a noticeable increase or a diminution of its flood, caused probably by some peculiar syphon-like construction of its subterranean reservoir. This variable fountain furnishes, however, only a fraction of the water which comes sweeping down the moun-

THE CASCADE OF VILLA PLINIANA.

tain here. The greater part of it is concentrated in a fall, three hundred feet in height, behind the villa. Always a cascade of considerable strength, its volume is at times so great that any one who stands then on the balcony within the gorge, is in a moment drenched with spray. The roaring of the cataract is, of course, continuous; and for this reason, and because of its inevitable dampness, I cannot see how such a house can ever have been a comfortable abode. In fact, it is no longer occupied, — its present owner, the Marchesa Trotti, preferring to reside in her beautiful villa near Bellaggio. Still, two or three of the old rooms retain a little furniture and family portraits, including that of the famous Princess Belgiojoso, whose name, as we shall presently see, will always be associated with the spot. But everything seems falling to decay. One por-

THE LOWER FALLS.



IN THE GARDEN.

THE TERRACE.

tion of the building, it is true, still partially relieves it of its gloom. This is its central portico, between whose Doric columns one beholds a glorious view far up the lake and toward the opposite shore. Outside the villa, also, is a garden which repays inspection, although its solitary walks are weed-grown and neglected; while here and there a few poor roses, on bushes which present the appearance of having known better days, still struggle to maintain an evanescent shadow of its former charm. Yet the abandoned spot possesses even now a certain fascination. Its time-worn terrace overhangs the dark green water of the lake, and one can hardly fancy anything more delightful, for one whose spirit is serene, than to walk back and forth beside its vine-clad parapet at evening, and watch the flush of day fade from the snowy mountain peaks, rising from Larian waters to the sunset sky. What opportunities for happiness seem wasted here! Beyond this garden's southern gate, a path winds onward through the silent forest toward the outer world, solemn and almost sinister in its seclusion. Occasionally ancient stairways, green with moss, incline mysteriously up-

THE FOREST WALK.

IN THE PARK OF VILLA TROTTI.

ward to the wooded height, much as one sees them in some immemorial forest in Japan, marking the way to an old Shinto shrine. Below this path, the cliff descends abruptly to the lake; and, since no parapet is there to check the fall — intentional or accidental — of a passer-by, the sharp declivity and gloomy depths suggest some gruesome possibilities. In fact, the founder of this villa is said to have committed crimes which caused him to retire to its lonely site, where till his death he was a prey to constant apprehension and remorse. What is known, therefore, as the Villa Pliniana was not actually the residence of Pliny. The Roman's name has been bestowed upon it simply because of his description of the spring. The building was erected in the year 1570 by Giovanni Anguisola, who is believed to have chosen this retreat through fear of assassination at the hands of papal agents, in punishment for his share in the murder of the son of Pope Paul III.

Later, the masterful Viscontis owned it; and when, in 1797, the star of Bonaparte had risen over the battlefields of Arcola

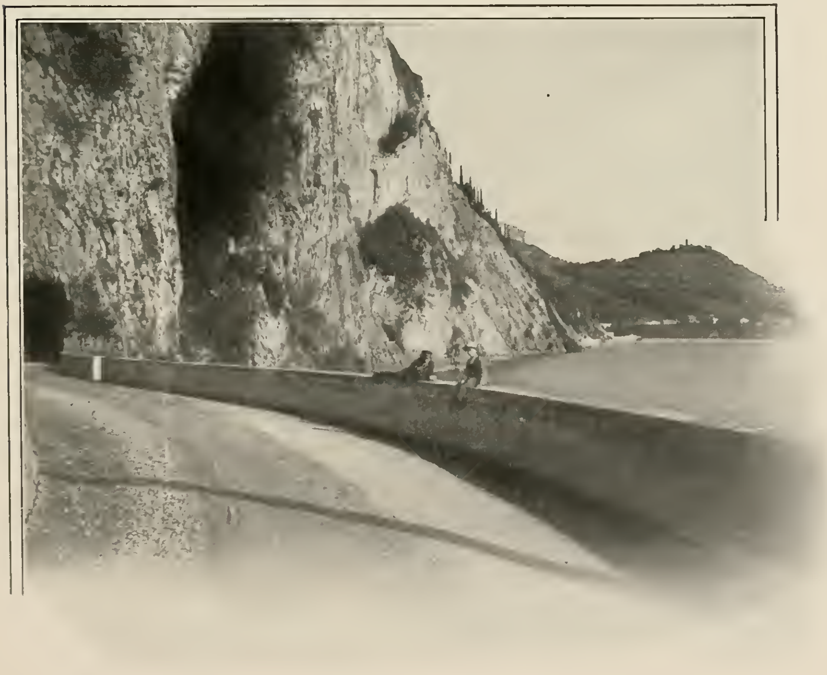
VILLA TROTTI, RESIDENCE OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE PRINCESS BELGIOJOSO.

THE PRINCESS BELGIOJOSO.

and Rivoli, it was for a time the abode of the future emperor of France and king of Italy. Of its more recent occupants none is so interesting as the mother of its present owner, — the beautiful Princess Christina Belgiojoso, who lived here in the middle of the nineteenth century, and proved herself one of the most heroic and devoted partizans of Italian unity. All through her youth, in the dark days of desperate efforts and of hope deferred, she had profoundly sympathized with the aspirations of her countrymen, looking with horror on the espionage and cruelty with which such noble patriots as Silvio Pellico and Mazzini were hunted down, imprisoned, killed, or exiled in their struggles against despotism. Hence, finally, in 1848, when Lombardy rebelled against the rule of Austria, this revolutionary princess threw herself into the movement heart and soul. Not satisfied to influence Italians merely by her eloquence, she actually raised and equipped a body of volunteers, and personally served with them in the army of King Carlo Alberto of Sardinia. When he, however, — defeated at Novara by the

GENERAL RADETSKY.

Austrian general Radetsky, — had abdicated in favor of his son, Victor Emanuel, she hastened to the defense of Rome under the leadership of Garibaldi, and showed there splendid powers of organization in administering hospitals for her wounded countrymen. There, too, together with other patrician ladies, she is said to have even handled the spade in throwing up barricades to resist the enemy! These efforts proving temporarily unavailing, the princess left her native land, and was forbidden by the Austrian Government to reënter it. Retiring to Paris, her home there soon became a refuge for political exiles and rendezvous for advocates of liberty. A friend of Victor Hugo and of Heine, she founded, edited, and supported journals favorable to the cause she loved, and finally became so dreaded by the Austrians, that all her property, including the Villa Pliniana, was confiscated, and remained so till, by the amnesty of 1856, she was permitted to return. Not long then was the hour delayed for which she had so



ROAD BESIDE LAKE COMO, NEAR VARENNA, BUILT BY THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT.

bravely struggled. In 1859, but ten years after the battle of Novara, the irrepressible war broke out anew, and the united armies of Napoleon III. and Victor Emanuel by the brilliant victories of Solferino and Magenta expelled the Austrians from Lombardy, and gave to Italy the unity she had so long desired, and for the attainment of which so many precious lives had been sublimely sacrificed, and so much suffering endured.

In front of almost every prominent villa on Lake Como stands a *darsenna*, or boat-house, usually built of massive masonry, and often having on its broad, flat roof a kind of garden-terrace. The entrance to these *darsennas* is always made to face the south, since the prevailing winds and storms sweep downward from the north. Sometimes, however, instead of a separate edifice, built out into the lake, a short canal is cut obliquely into the garden, admitting water enough to float the boats enclosed, and reached by steps descending into it, like those we find in ancient columbaria. Life on the lake is necessarily more

HOUSE WHERE THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED AFTER THE BATTLE OF NOVARA, 1849.

or less aquatic, for the new carriage-road along its western bank is not yet finished, and for long distances one must own a naphtha launch, or be dependent on the steamers. Hence, even though one has but little fondness for the water, cares nothing for the sport of fishing, and distrusts a sail-boat, he finally concludes that for a hundred trifling purposes the owning of at least a rowboat here ranks as a prime necessity. True, at the tourist centres, during the "season," one hails a boatman on the Larian lake as easily as a gondolier in Venice. But in the months when travelers are scarce, the oarsmen largely disappear to seek more lucrative employments, and lake-dwellers are thrown upon their own resources. The genuine *barcauoli* of Lake Como are, like most North Italians, hard-working, honest, and obliging. Some of them are descended from a line of ancestors who have for many generations followed the same employment. At pres-

ITALIAN BOATHOUSES.

A BARCAUOLO.

ent, however, those who are not in the service of hotels or private villas lead a precarious existence, for the Società Lariana has put into commission two or three little steamers, which run at frequent intervals from one to another of the popular resorts around the central section of the lake. This sadly interferes, of course, with the professional boatmen, who, like the gondoliers of Venice, bitterly complain that steamship companies take the bread from out their mouths. It is another illustration of the fact that no economic change, however small, is made without inflicting suffering on some one.

THE ENEMY OF THE BOATMEN.

One old man loves to recount to me the stories, told him by his father, of the life here previous to the advent of the steamers. Then villa owners on the Lario had always in their service ten or a dozen boatmen, whose brawny arms, in crews of eight,

THE BARGE OF THE GRAND DUKE OF SAXE-MEININGEN.

would send a *barca* through the water at prodigious speed, and could in fact convey their patron down to Como almost as quickly as the present steamboats, when one takes into consideration the latter's numerous delays and zig-zag course. The nearest approach to such a craft at present is the stately barge of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and even this is almost never seen.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FIGURE-HEAD.

In those days there were also rowboats for the public, which, weather permitting, made their regular trips in relays up and down the lake,—the motive power being sturdy oarsmen. Such boats were then distinguished by à curious figure-head, in the diminutive statue of a swarthy Moor, clad somewhat after the fashion of a ballet dancer, and pointing out the course with outstretched hand. A few of these odd figures still remain in boatmen's families on the lake, and are regarded by their owners with a sort of reverence, as tangible memorials of the "good old times." I must confess to being talkative with those who serve me, especially if they are stage-drivers or boatmen. I cannot bear to sit beside them glum and silent, as if I held myself too

ELOQUENCE BY THE HOUR.

much aloof to ask them questions appertaining to their daily labor and their simple life. Yet it would be a difficult task to estimate how much time and money I have lost in thus conversing on Lake Como! For one amusing characteristic of its boatmen is their inability to say a dozen phrases without gesturing. Hence it is dangerous for a "fare," whose time is limited, to lure his *barcauolo* into a discussion; for, as he waxes eloquent or grows excited, he drops first one and then another of his oars, to give his hands free scope for emphasis, and frequently these conversational parentheses consume as much of the hour as the voyage itself. As to their mode of speech, it is unfortunate that what is probably the most musical language in the world should be deformed and mutilated by so many dialects. These are so unlike pure Italian, and so provincial in pronunciation, that the inhabitants of different parts of Italy cannot understand one another's patois. That of Lake Como is particularly harsh, consisting principally of the elision of the final vowel of a word, while on the syllable thus truncated is laid a violent accent. *Adesso* will be shortened to *adess*, and *cinque* to *cinq* — both abbreviations being spoken quite explosively. Even *Bellaggio* becomes in this rude dialect *Bellag!* Fortunately, however, most of the people understand Italian,

YOUNG DIALECT-ICIANS.

even though they may not speak it fluently, for education to a certain extent has been made compulsory, and the Italian tongue is taught in all the schools. A foreigner, therefore, is not forced to acquire the vernacular, in order to hold communication with the natives.

A noticeable characteristic of Italians on the borders of Lake Como is their love of singing. This does not necessarily mean

FISHERMEN WHO SING.

that they sing well, though one occasionally hears pleasing voices. But, well or ill, these humble, hard-worked people sing as much as possible. All through the winter, in the darkness of the dawn, as well as in the twilight of the waning day, the youths and children of both sexes, going to and from the factories, have usually passed my villa with a song; and frequently from workshops, where the hours are long and toil is practically unbroken, one hears a hundred voices blending in pathetic harmony. Pathos indeed forms one of the characteristic features of their songs, which often call to mind the far-off chant of patient laborers on the Nile. An indefinable sadness haunts them — especially the songs of fishermen at night. They seem

to tell of tears and suffering in a not too distant past. There can be nothing radically wrong in those who sing thus voluntarily at their work; and it is with great pleasure that I testify from personal experience to many excellent qualities in the laborers of northern Italy. In reconstructing an old villa, and changing fundamentally its neglected garden, I frequently employed for weeks at a time from ten to twenty workmen daily, yet none of them was ever other than respectful, honest, sober, and industrious, and all were eager to secure, and anxious to retain employment, although the payment for it averaged only fifty cents a day. As builders, they are unsurpassed, and scarcely less remarkable as artificers in metals, while their achievements in producing exquisitely inlaid furniture are astonishing. Unlettered masons often mold the ornaments of palaces. Each village has at least one artist — sometimes several — who can paint a fresco, model a statue, or produce a wall of imitation marble, with a skill that fills one with surprise and admiration. In truth, however, this lake has always been renowned for its skilled artisans. Even in Roman days, before the Lombards conquered it, these laborers were known as the "Magistri Comacini," or Como's Master Workmen, who subsequently organized themselves into a famous guild of

ONE OF THE FAITHFUL.

CROSS MADE BY ONE OF COMO'S MASTER-WORKMEN, 1593.

architects and masons; and to their genius and fine craftsmanship numerous towers and churches in North Italy are due. There is but one successful way to treat these people,

WHERE KINDNESS WINS.

and that is with invariable courtesy, together with that sort of humorous indulgence which one frequently employs toward children. Hauteur, disdain, and arrogance breed in Italian laborers instantaneous resentment; and foreigners who think it necessary to their dignity to talk to them *de haut en bas*, and call them curtly by their first names, in an effort to impress upon their minds that they — poor devils — are inferior to the rich signori, fail to obtain the amount and quality of work desired, and make themselves not only hated, but despised and laughed at by the whole community.

The fabled answer of the king of beasts — "One, but a lion" — might well be the reply to any one who should inquire

LAKE COMO'S ONLY ISLAND.

of Lake Como how many islands it possessed. And yet the leonine nature of the solitary Isola Comacina is not physical, but moral. Less than a half a mile in length, some fifteen hundred feet in breadth, and with its summit scarcely fifty yards above the lake, its gentle slopes are eminently peaceful in appearance. Yet valiant men have made its history heroic, as wicked men have sometimes made it horrible, and it has certainly played upon the world's stage a unique and memorable rôle. About an hour after leaving Como, the steamer comes in sight of it; but so extremely narrow is the curving channel which divides it from the shore, that not until we are in close proximity to it, can we realize that it is an island. How few of all the passing tourists, who give its scanty, almost uninhabited surface but a hasty glance, have any idea that this was the last stronghold of the Roman Empire in northern Italy, — an isolated remnant of a submerged world after an inundation of barbarians, — the one poor fragment of imperial sovereignty which restrained, for a brief time at least, those fierce invaders, destined to give forever to the fertile plains adjoining the Italian lakes the name of Lombardy! Yes, here the little handful, still remaining loyal to the Roman emperor at Constantinople, struck their final blow. It was a hopeless struggle; and, after gallantly withstanding for six months the force attacking them by land and lake, they finally were starved into

ISOLA COMACINA, SEEN FROM CAMPO.

FOR SEVEN CENTURIES DEVOID OF HISTORY.

submission, and gave up both the island and its buried treasures to the Lombard king, Autharis. It was, however, no disgrace to yield to such a conqueror; for so complete and numerous had been his other victories, that he had struck with his spear an ancient column, standing near the modern Reggio on the Straits of Messina, and claimed that it should thenceforth mark the southern boundary of his dominions!

Even after its surrender, the Isola Comacina remained for centuries a formidable fortress, since in addition to its massive ramparts, the waterway which girdles it was always serviceable as a moat. Hence, during the dark ages, when the hand of every man, like that of Ishmael, was raised against his neighbor, either to parry or to strike a blow, this Malta of the Larian lake was an invaluable stronghold for such rival factions, outlaws, or barbarians as could capture and retain it. At last, however, in 1169, the curtain fell on this eventful stage, its final scene of massacre occurring when, in a sanguinary war between the cities of Milan and Como, the Milanese were utterly defeated, and the Comaschi, as a

A BIT OF OLD FORTIFICATION ON ISOLA COMACINA.

matter of protection, rendered the island no more dangerous by thoroughly destroying all its fortifications. Thenceforth, for more than seven hundred years, its bare, abandoned surface has been practically devoid of history.

It is a pity that this lovely site, so full of interesting associations, should be thus neglected. Were any one to give to it one half the labor, care, and money which the Counts of Borromeo lavished on the celebrated isles of Lake Maggiore, it might become not merely another Isola Bella, but an Isola Bellissima. As yet, however, no millionaire has made the place a paradise. A few scant olives, vines, and chestnuts constitute its principal vegetation; and a small rustic church, the

ANOTHER VIEW, FROM SALA.

humble dwelling of a peasant, and alas! an ugly wall devoted to the advertisement of a Neapolitan hotel, are the sole structures on its surface. Its church — which stands upon the site of an earlier Christian sanctuary of remote antiquity — is dedicated to Saint John the Baptist. Rarely is any service held within its plain white walls; but every year, upon the twenty-fourth of June, — the annual festival of Saint John, — or sometimes on the following Sunday, it becomes the scene of one of those picturesque, time-consecrated ceremonies, of which these people are so fond. Then suddenly the island, which for many months has lain so silent and deserted, resounds with

eager voices, and grows gay with colors. There is, of course, the curious mingling, common in Italy on such occasions, of the sacred and the secular; and booths, erected for the sale of rosaries, crucifixes, and devotional pictures, stand side by side with tables furnished with domestic wares, — all duly ranged along the steep path leading to the church. When I first witnessed this peculiar *festa*, I found, as early as nine o'clock, the island girdled by a fleet of boats, ranging from sumptuous motors to the peasants' black, sharp-pointed craft, protected from the sun by huge, white awnings. In these were hundreds of spectators, hastening thither from hotels and hamlets, lured by the fascination of the seldom-seen. An hour later, the firing of a gun proclaimed the start of the procession; and several richly decorated barges, followed by a small flotilla, left the town of Campo, and slowly made the circuit of the little isle, to give to every part of it an equally impressive benediction. On one of them a band played sacred music; another held the numerous ecclesiastics of the neighborhood; while

THE APPROACHING BOATS.

MUSICIANS AT THE FESTA.

others still contained a multitude of white-veiled women. All of these vessels, too, were manned by stalwart natives, clad in long red coats,

NEARING THE LAND.

whose privilege it was to row or steer the stately craft, and also, upon disembarking, to bear the heavy gilded lamps, the crucifixes, and the banners up the flight of steps cut in the hillside to the summit. Conspicuous also in the ranks was a large silver reliquary, reverently carried by two priests. Chanting and praying, the procession passed up the neglected slopes, the mastery of which was once so highly prized! How difficult it is to realize now that thousands have been slain in capturing or defending this small plot of land, which any one who will may buy to-day! How strange to think that every foot of its fair surface, now enameled with innumerable flowers, has been stained with blood! The crowd was far too great for me to gain admission to the church. Accordingly reclining on a bit of ancient stonework on the island's crest, I looked down on the loveliest of cycloramas. On every side rose cloud-

DISEMBARKING THE WOMEN.

THE ECCLESIASTICS.

wreathed mountain peaks, whose shoulders — dazzlingly white in winter — were covered with an emerald verdure comparable only to the softest velvet; the lake itself was like an artist's palette, crowded with bright hues; and, westward, as I gazed down through the silvery leafage of the olive trees, it seemed to me that I was looking from some castle window on a flooded foss, so perfectly symmetrical and smooth appeared the curving belt of beryl green which lies between the island and the adjoining strand. And there, upon the mainland, I beheld, still eloquent of art and history, a finely sculptured bell-tower. It once formed part of a hospice, founded here for the repose of pilgrims going to and from the Holy Land. Even without a knowledge of its past, the quaint old structure would attract attention; but at the thought that it has stood beside the lake so long, and watched so many pious travelers come and go upon this route to Palestine, one feels that thrill of mingled pity, reverence, and admiration which such displays of suffering, illusion, and self-sacrifice inspire. How far behind us now is that old age of toilsome pilgrimages and crusades! And why? Increasing unbelief will not entirely explain its disappearance. Another potent cause is modern apathy. We distrust great enthusiasms. We are indifferent to grand ideals. Phrases like "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," or "Universal

Brotherhood," which once bred revolutions, now provoke a smile. Inspiring visions, glorious dreams, exalted calls to lofty effort and sublime achievement no longer sway mankind. We ask incredulously either "For what good?" or "Will it pay?" This age lacks also that immense incentive to romantic deeds, — the charm of the Unknown. Men's knowledge then of Palestine was less than ours of Patagonia. Hundreds of those enthusiasts who toiled heroically toward the Holy Land expected to arrive there daily, and when they saw a city in the distance, asked pathetically if it were Jerusalem. To-day we cable to the city of David to secure our rooms, travel by rail from Joppa to Mount Zion, and find, on our arrival there, the town besieged by tourists instead of Titus, and Cook the only great crusader. At first thought, all that mediæval fervor seems to have been wasted. The passionate struggles, century after century, to win and hold the sacred spots connected with Christianity, proved ultimately dismal failures. A million lives were sacrificed in the attempt, and all the compensation gained was transient. Christianity is still weakest in the country of its birth. Its Cross has not replaced the Crescent there. Its cradle holds few converts. Its holy sites are all in Moslem hands. Though Asian in its origin, no Asiatic race accepts it. Its real development and triumphs have been occidental.

THE PILGRIMS' TOWER.

Hence, in the West the influence of the returning pilgrims and crusaders was profound. Their aims and exploits, though barren in the Holy Land, inspired the European world with ideals vastly higher than mere lust for food and sensuous pleasures. The way to Syria, also, lay through noble cities and old seats of culture. To thousands, therefore, their long journey thither was both an inspiration and an education. Thus, little by little, East and West came into close relations ; and gradually

OLD CHURCH OF SAN MARTINO.

from the Orient — quenchless source of light — innumerable paladins and palmers brought back to the Occident extended knowledge, new ideas, old Greek and Latin manuscripts, and specimens of Saracenic skill, destined to be the seeds of many a transplanted art and new-born industry, and to become the germinal power of the Renaissance.

Half a mile distant from the Isola Comacina, a most enchanting site reveals itself in the Punta Balbianello. Advancing for

a considerable distance into the water, which closes round it like a luminous pavement, — now of malachite, now of lapis-lazuli, — this wooded headland seems to have been specially designed to offer perfect views of Nature's masterpiece. Most of the bluff has been left undisturbed, — a forest temple tenanted by birds; but on the point itself, about one hundred feet above the lake, stands the old Villa Arconati, as charming in its architectural beauty as it is pathetic in its loneliness.

SANTA MARIA IN LOPPIA.

It would be difficult to imagine a more ideal residential site than this; and many efforts have been made by financiers, whose names are known throughout the world, to gain possession of it, and redeem it from its present state of semi-desolation. But all in vain. Mysterious hints of family skeletons and feuds are given as reasons for the unwillingness of its owner to dispose of it, but these in time will necessarily pass away. Hence I look forward to the day, when, in the

THE PUNTA BALBIANELLO.

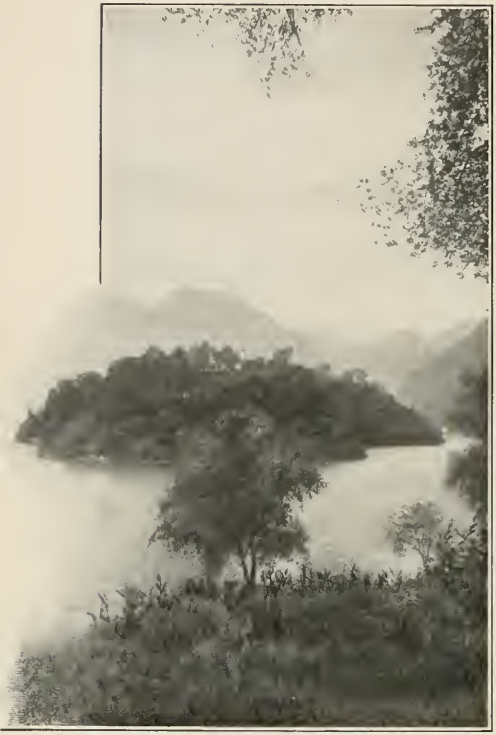
hands of some appreciative, tasteful purchaser, with means to use his privilege to full advantage, this peerless site will blossom like a rose, and rival in its beauty, if not in its historic memories, "Sunium's marble steep," immortalized in Byron's thrilling verse. The origin of the villa here is worth relating. A mile away, upon the western shore, lies the small town of Campo, whose principal building is the former residence of Cardinal Durini. This worthy prelate, — a stately figure of the eighteenth century, — wishing to found a hospital and home for sick and convalescent brothers of the

FORMER PALACE OF CARDINAL DURINI, CAMPO.

Franciscan order, wisely selected this salubrious promontory, and built, in 1785, a church and convent here. The title of his own house being "Villa Balbiano," he gave to this Franciscan home the fond diminutive, "Villa Balbianello." Corroding time, however, has brought sad changes to the cardinal's possessions. Attached to his once handsome residence at Campo is an ugly factory, and even the Punta Balbianello has

ENTRANCE TO THE BOAT LANDING.

not fared much better. One sees, indeed, as one approaches it, some evidences of its former character; for on the garden's balustrade, the parapet of the boat-landing, and even on the cliff itself, are sculptured forms of saints and bishops, whose hands, once raised in benediction on the passers-by, now seem to be extended in mute protest at this long neglect, or else in silent prayer that it may not continue long. Poor, mutilated relics of a vanished past! Their faces are well-nigh expressionless, and many an uplifted hand lacks one or more fingers



AN ADJACENT VIEW.

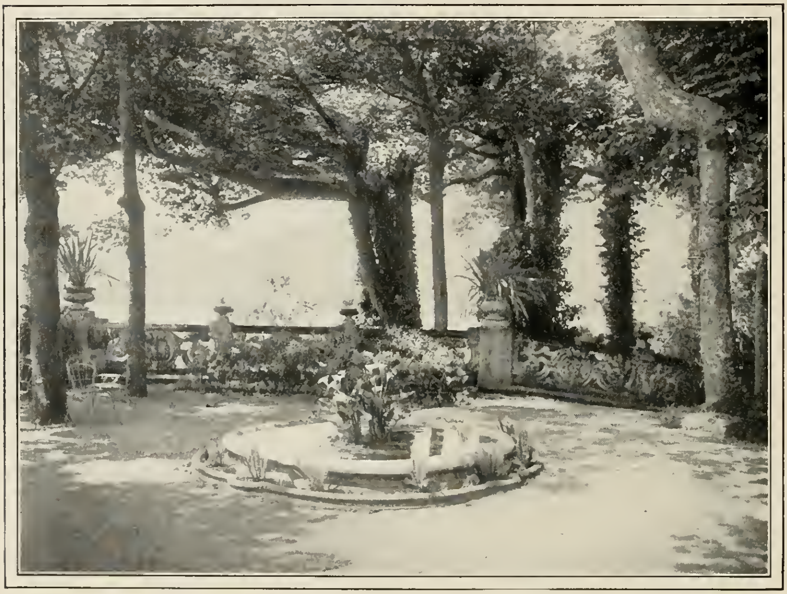
in what seems to be a gesture of despair. Passing beneath their outstretched arms, we step out from our little boat on to a broad stone platform, within whose pavement we discern the quaint old motto: "*Fais ce que voudras.*" From this expression of unstinted hospitality a flight of steps leads upward to the terraces, flanked on the left by pretty balustrades designed in open work, and on the right by the high walls, within which, like a statue in a niche, stands many a sword-like aloe, or a slender palm. Meanwhile, above us and around us, bloom wistaria, roses, fleurs-de-lis, and laurel, filling the air with fragrance, and framing lovely pictures of the lake below. This

THE TERRACE.

was, however, merely the ordinary entrance to the villa. Upon the southern side is a much finer portal, the steps of which in May and June are glorious with roses, and lead to spacious avenues of shade. One feels that only gentlemen in court attire, and ladies with long velvet trains and satin slippers, ever should have ascended here, and then from nothing less imposing than a richly decorated barge and cloth of gold. The old Italian gardener of the place is the most interesting character. Enthusiastic over the wonderful beauty of a site which he has cared for six and twenty years, he is at the same time saddened and discouraged by the indifference shown by its present owner to this priceless gift of nature. "She never comes," he said pathetically, "and never writes, and never sends her friends here! It is disheartening; for no one tells me what to do, and only strangers come to praise what I have done. Among them some, who understand a little what this means, say I accomplish miracles, since there are only two of us — myself and a boy — to keep all this in order. Once in a while, on certain specified dates, I write to some one I have never seen, give him a list of my expenses, and tell him what repairs are necessary. In his reply I always find the same instructions, — to do as little as possible,

THE PRINCIPAL PORTAL.

and to maintain strict economy. So, after all, my heart is often heavy in the midst of all this loveliness, for '*non si vive di pane solo!*'" Slowly we made our way by the old chapel — now a kitchen! — and reached at length the crowning glory of the place, a noble portico, open to north and south, and thus commanding views, sweeping in one direction many miles toward Como, and in the other far beyond the Tremezzina bay, Bellaggio, and Varenna, to the ice-clad Alps,



AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

— a sparkling wall of splendor on the northern sky. When, in the winter, and even as late as early May, not only Switzerland's huge peaks, but also many nearer snow-crowned giants, turn to crimson in the sunset glow, and waves of varied color follow one another endlessly over the mountain ranges, rising fold on fold, — themselves vast billows of our planet, petrified, — the loveliness and grandeur of the scene defy description. I can, however, truly say, after a lifetime largely spent in travel

LOOKING TOWARD THE PUNTA BALBIANELLO.

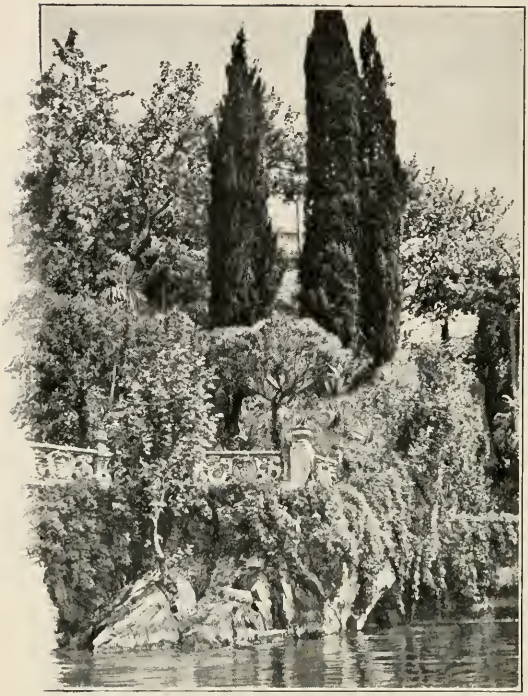
over the fairest portions of our globe, that, under favorable conditions, this magnificent vista is the most perfect combination of sublimity and tender beauty I have ever seen.

I have just risen from my writing, and from my window look across the Tremezzina toward the Punta Balbianello. The moon is at its full, and on the cliff the lofty portico is plainly visible, its creamy columns glittering in the moonlight like an arch of gold. Incredible as it may seem, the beautiful estate is left

THE LOFTY PORTICO.

at night unguarded and deserted. Only the mutilated statues of the saints are, therefore, keeping watch and ward to-night upon its parapets; the only voices in its groves are those of nightingales, their liquid notes suggesting jewels of the air; and nothing breaks the silence of its gardens save the lapping of the water on their flower-wreathed walls.

One of the fairest sites on earth is lying there abandoned and neglected, without an eye to note its beauty, or hand to pluck its



AWAITING THE DIVINE CARESS.

dewy roses, or foot to tread its stately loggia, gilded by the moon. So silent, white, and motionless does it appear, that I might easily believe its Genius Loci to be dead and lying in its shroud. But, such is my conviction of its ultimately brilliant future, that to me the spirit of the place seems merely sleeping in the moonlight, like Endymion, awaiting the divine caress which shall awaken it to life and love.

Beyond the Punta Balbianello the scenery becomes enchanting. Not only is Bellaggio visible on the opposite bank, surmounted by majestic heights, but at the left, as one advances from the south, there now displays itself a miniature Bay of Naples, called the Tremezzina. This sheltered basin is the warmest, sunniest, and most healthful portion of the lake, the climate here in winter being distinctly milder than at points which lie exposed to alpine

THE OLD GARDENER.

winds, or at an early hour are darkened by the shadows of protruding mountains. For it must not be overlooked by invalids that on the Larian lake, as on the Riviera, there are several kinds of climate, each more or less windy, sunny, or salubrious, according to position.

In Tremezzina's sheltered bay
The wintry storms forget to rave;
Without, — the white caps and the spray;
Within, — a shore with scarce a wave,
A favored spot where tempests cease,
And Heaven whispers, "Here is Peace."

Nestled within its curving arm are three small towns, — Tremezzo at its northern point, and Lenno at its southern, while just midway between them lies the village of Azzano. In other words, if one compared its shore-line to a well-drawn bow, the tips of the arc would be at Lenno and Tremezzo, while in the centre, where the arrow meets the bowstring, lies Azzano. At the author's home in the last-named place, during the winter of 1907–8, the lowest temperature at any time — and that a rare occurrence — was three degrees below the freezing point; and though it was necessary to give to orange and lemon trees the shelter of the greenhouse, palms were left unprotected in the open air with no disastrous results, and roses, calycanthus, and

THE TREMEZZINA BAY, LOOKING NORTH.

LENNO, RESIDENCE OF PLINY THE YOUNGER.

camellias bloomed in the garden daily during the winter months. What wonder, therefore, that this sunny shore of rich fertility has been for centuries called "The Garden of Lombardy"?

Nor is this lovely Tremezzina bay without the charm of biographical associations. One of the villas owned by Pliny the Younger on the lake is thought to have been located at Lenno, and another at Bellaggio. In one of his letters (Book IX. 7) he writes:

"I am pleased to find by your letter that you are engaged in building. . . . Your buildings are carried on upon the sea-coast; mine are rising on the side of the Larian lake. I have several villas upon the borders of this lake, but there are two particularly in which, as I take most delight, so they give me most employment. . . . One of them stands upon a rock and overlooks the lake; the other actually touches it. The first, supported as it were by the lofty buskin, I call my tragic: the other, as resting upon the humble sock, my comic villa. Each

THE TREMEZZINA BAY, LOOKING SOUTH TOWARD BALBIANELLO.

has its own peculiar charm. . . . The former commands a wider, the latter enjoys a nearer view of the lake. One by a gentle curve embraces a little bay; the other being built upon a greater height, forms two. The former does not feel the force of the waves; the latter breaks them. From that you see the fishing vessels; from this you may yourself fish, and throw your line out of your room, and almost from your bed, as from a boat."

How dearly he loved his native city and its adjoining waters, is evidenced by the following passages from a letter to Caninius Rufus (Book I. 3):

"How is that sweet Comum of ours? What about that most enticing of villas; the portico where it is one perpetual spring: that shadiest of plane-tree

THE BAY OF LENNO.

walks; the crystal canal, so agreeably winding along its flowery banks, together with the lake lying below, that so charmingly yields itself to the view? . . . If the scene of your enjoyments lies wholly there, you are one of the happiest of beings; if not, why then you are no better than the rest of men. Why not leave, my friend, . . . degrading cares to others, and devote yourself in this snug and secluded retreat entirely to pleasures of the studious kind? Make these your business and your recreation, your labor and your rest, the subjects of your waking and even of your sleeping thoughts. Compose, and bring out

something that shall always belong to you. All your other possessions will pass from one master to another; this alone, once yours, will remain yours forever."

STATUE OF PLINY, ON THE COMO CATHEDRAL.

Seated within my garden, in full view of both localities of which Pliny wrote, I turn the pages of his letters with the deepest interest and profit. One thousand, eight hundred years have passed since they were written, yet they make vastly better reading now than the average daily paper or the ten-cent magazine. Among them are his two long letters to the historian Tacitus, describing faithfully the circumstances of his uncle's death at the eruption of Vesuvius, in 79 A.D., when Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed. Here, too, are biographical allusions to that uncle, popularly known as Pliny the Elder, recording the fact that at the time of his death, though only fifty-six years old, he had left behind him a veritable encyclopedia of Natural History in thirty-seven books, a history of the Roman wars in twenty books, and other historical writings in thirty-seven more, besides no less than one hundred and sixty note-books of observations and reflec-

A WALK WHICH WOULD HAVE SUITED PLINY. VILLA GIULIA.

tions! Still more remarkable, however, is the nephew's correspondence with the emperor Trajan in reference to the growing sect of Christians. These letters form, in fact, — together with the emperor's replies,—a precious contribution to ecclesiastical history, since they were written only about forty years after the death of Saint Paul, and have been quoted by the Christian church for eighteen centuries. Trajan, who evidently entertained for Pliny a genuine affection, had sent him, in the year 103 A.D., as his special representative to the province of Bithynia in Asia Minor. There Pliny seems to have doubted the fidelity to the emperor of those who, on the plea of being Christians, refused to show respect for Church and State by making the customary religious offerings to the imperial statue. His letter to Trajan, asking for instructions on this point, is much too long to be inserted here; but the concise response of the emperor may well be given as indicating his magnanimous character. It runs as follows:

THE EMPEROR TRAJAN.

PEDESTAL OF PLINY'S STATUE.

"You have adopted the right course, my dearest Secundus, in investigating the charges against the Chris-

tians who were brought before you. It is not possible to lay down any general rule for all such cases. Do not go out of your way to look for them. If indeed they should be brought before you, and the crime is proved, they must be punished ; with the restriction, however, that where the party denies that he is a Christian, and shall make it evident that he is not one, by invoking our gods, let him (notwithstanding any former suspicion) be pardoned upon his repentance. Anonymous informations ought not to be received in any sort of prosecution. It is introducing a very dangerous precedent, and is quite foreign to the spirit of our age."

IN AN AZZANO GARDEN.

To me the most enjoyable of all the letters of Pliny are those addressed to his intimate friends. They give us the most perfect literary picture extant of a cultivated Roman gentleman at the commencement of the second century. Written in elegant Latin, much in the style of Cicero, they show us what the Roman Empire could produce in culture and refinement, as well as in the sterling qualities of justice, kindness, and benevolence, in contrast to the usually mentioned vice and horrible excesses of some of the wearers of the imperial purple and their satellites. Charming indeed are the glimpses these afford of a sincere and unaffected character. Thus, to Fundanus (Book I. 9), he writes in praise of country life :

NEAR THE SUPPOSED SITE OF ONE OF PLINY'S VILLAS.

"Here I neither hear nor speak anything I have occasion to be sorry for. No one talks scandal to me, and I find

fault with nobody, unless it be myself, when I am dissatisfied with my compositions. Here I live . . . conversing only with myself and my books. True and genuine life! Sweet and honorable repose! Thou solemn sea and solitary shore, true and most retired school of art and poetry, with how many noble thoughts do you inspire me! Snatch then, my friend, as I have done, the first opportunity of leaving the town with its din, its empty bustle, and laborious trifles, and devote your days to study or repose; for, as my friend Attilius happily observed, — It is better to have nothing to do than to do nothing. Farewell."

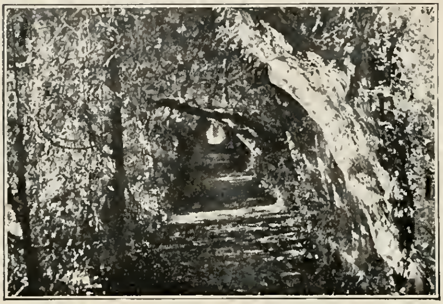
One is inclined to quote too much from these delightful letters, but one more brief citation cannot be omitted:

"The most perfect of all characters, in my estimation, is his who is as ready to forgive the errors of mankind, as if he were every day guilty of some himself: and at the same time is as cautious of committing a fault, as if he never pardoned one."

HEAD OF VENUS, BY CANOVA. VILLA CARLOTTA.

It is a pleasure to learn that the life of Pliny did not contradict his principles. He seems to have been always gracious, generous, and just. He is known to have sent an invalid slave to Egypt for his health; he bought for his old nurse a farm worth several thousand dollars; he presented the daughter of his tutor with a handsome marriage portion; he founded and endowed in Como an almshouse for the poor of both sexes; and, in addition, gave to that city for public baths and educational purposes sixty-five thousand dollars, and left a still larger amount to be divided at his death among his servants. Tender and chivalrous also are the epistles to his wife, and his domestic life was evidently a happy one. What most impressed me, as I closed this volume of old Roman letters, was a feeling of astonishment and sadness at the possibility of such a fate as overtook this region after Rome's decline. Who could have

dreamed in Pliny's time, when this delightful correspondence was indited, — showing a life of literary, philosophical, and artistic intercourse with numbers of congenial friends in villas filled with precious manuscripts and lovely works of art, — that in a few short generations almost every trace of learning and refinement here would have been swept away, and that a day so intellectually brilliant, could be succeeded by a night of darkness, lasting practically for a thousand years! In fact, these shores, like those of the Mediterranean in general, have never seen a restoration of that culture. In the slow, intermittent progress of humanity it is unfortunately true that



A SILENT PATH.

> Ground, once lost, is not recovered ;
> Greece and Rome are not replaced ;
> And the sites of Pagan learning
> Still lie desolate and waste.

Beyond the northern limit of the Tremezzina, a series of hotels and villas line the water's edge for several miles in sections known as Tremezzo, Cadenabbia, and Menaggio. Here, in the "season," gather hundreds of enthusiastic English, German, and American tourists, who, not unlike a flock of migratory birds of brilliant plumage, make a brief

TREMEZZO.

THE WESTERN SHORE, ABOVE MENAGGIO.

sojourn by the lake, ere they resume their flight, in autumn, for the south of Italy, Egypt, and the Riviera; or, in the spring, for England, Germany, and France. The road uniting all these points must rank as one of the finest walks in Europe. Particularly charming is that part of it which links Tremezzo with its still more beautiful companion, Cadenabbia. It even bears the fascinating name of Via del Paradiso. No one whose feet have ever trodden it can possibly forget how, at the end of a delightful day,

DISTANT VIEW OF BELLAGGIO.

Across the water's purple bloom
Bellaggio, bathed in sunset light,
Surmounts the twilight's gathering gloom
With glistening walls of pink and white, —
The wraith of some celestial strand,
The fringe of an enchanted land.

Meantime, upon the other side of this Path of Paradise, in fact so near it that the air is permeated with their fragrance, rise the terraced gardens of the Villa Carlotta, which art and nature have combined to render one of the chief attractions of North Italy. The history of this estate follows the not infrequent course of transfer from Italian to Teutonic hands. Built by the Marquis Clerici about the middle of the eighteenth century, it became in 1802 the property of the

THE VIA DEL PARADISO.

Sommariva family, and for some forty years was called by that mellifluous name. As such, the title was made rhythmical by Longfellow in his well-known lines:

> " By Sommariva's garden gate
> I make the marble stairs my seat,
> And hear the water, as I wait,
> Lapping the steps beneath my feet."

In 1843, however, a Prussian princess bought the place, and gave it to her daughter, Carlotta, wife of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who, on her death in 1855, became its owner. It is perhaps worth noting here, in passing, how many castles, villas, and desirable properties in Austria, Italy, and the Riviera are steadily passing into German hands.

THE VILLA CARLOTTA.

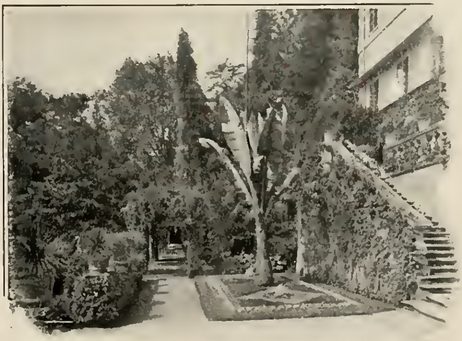
Even the Grecian island of Corfu can now claim the German kaiser as a property owner, since he has bought there the magnificent estate of Achilleion, the former residence of the Austrian empress Elizabeth. Opinions differ as to whether this mild sort of German colonization would exert much influence in the event of those political disturbances, which are so little talked of, yet so greatly dreaded. It is, however, impossible to ignore the fact that Germany is growing more and more prosperous

STEPS OF THE VILLA.

and powerful, and that its rapidly increasing population is now expanding in all directions, acquiring property in foreign lands, and traveling everywhere in numbers which a score of years ago would have appeared incredible. Whether one likes the prospect or dislikes it, all indications point to the fact that in the coming century Germany is to be the dominant European power.

THE ENTRANCE GATE.

England and France seem destined slowly to decline; while Germany, when it shall have welcomed Austria as a member of the empire, will cut a broad swath straight through central Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic, making Trieste in the south what Hamburg is in the north. Moreover, when it shall have acquired Holland, together with her colonies of Java and Sumatra, it will proceed to verify emphatically the kaiser's words: "Germany's future lies upon the water." Will there be war, resistance, and tremendous national combinations to oppose all this? Assuredly. Yet to the writer, after six years' residence in Austria and two in Italy, the future of the German race, within the mold thus roughly indicated, seems reasonably certain.


THE FIRST TERRACE.

The gardens of the Villa Carlotta, as well as its collection of rare works of art, are every day thrown open to the

public, even when the venerable owner is residing there. Hence it is no uncommon thing to see, clustered about the villa's stately steps, a score of empty boats, whose passengers are lingering in polyglot impatience at the iron gate, which swings upon its hinges every thirty minutes to admit new visitors. Indeed, so many are the applicants, that regular tickets are now sold here for a franc apiece, the receipts from which must often aggregate forty dollars a day. Ascending rose-embowered terraces, resplendent with their banks of bloom, we enter finally a spacious hall, where stand the sculptured works for which the villa is renowned. Four of these are by Canova, — the most admired being his well-known Amor and Psyche. The gem of the collection is, however, the superb relief by Thorwaldsen, placed as a frieze around the walls of the apartment, and representing in a cortège, more than one hundred feet in length, the triumphal entry into Babylon of Alexander the Great. Peculiar interest attaches to this work, for it was ordered, originally in plaster, by Napoleon I. to decorate the throne room of his palace of the Quirinal at Rome. Later, he gave directions that it should be also carved in marble, intending it probably for the temple of Glory in Paris — now the church of the Madeleine. The sum of three hundred and twenty thousand francs was allotted for this purpose, but only half of this had been paid when the Napoleonic downfall came, and the modern Alexander found himself a prisoner at Saint Helena. The Bourbons natu-

PART OF THE ALEXANDER RELIEF. FIGURES OF THE SCULPTOR AND SOMMARIVA AT THE RIGHT.

rally did not care to carry on a work designed for their great adversary, and hence Thorwaldsen was compelled to enter into negotiations with several European courts, and offered to sell the frieze to any one who would furnish the money necessary to complete it. No representative of royalty came, however, to his rescue; and it was only a private individual — Count Sommariva — who purchased it, and caused it to be finished in marble at a cost of seventy thousand dollars. One should not fail to notice, at the end of this array of animated warriors and horsemen, its last two figures, — to the right of the entrance door, — for these are portraits of the sculptor and his benefactor, the former calling the attention of the latter to the work. Count Sommariva's likeness is commemorated also in a marble bust, placed in a corner of this hall of sculpture. Unfortunately, however, the interest naturally awakened by the portrait of so generous a patron of the fine arts is somewhat marred by the discovery that the bust has been consigned to a pedestal, from which the title of a former statue has not been erased. Accordingly, beneath the manly, dignified countenance of the count one reads with some astonishment the word, — "Maternité"!

CANOVA'S AMOR AND PSYCHE.

From the fine art collection of the Villa Carlotta it is but a step to the perennial verdure and seclusion of its famous park.

To one accustomed to the flora of the northern part of the United States, the vegetation of the Italian lakes — in fact, of most northern Italy and South Tyrōl — is charmingly surpris-

ing, since all these regions have a latitude farther north than that of Boston. This is particularly true of sheltered portions of Lakes Como and Maggiore, where in a narrow strip of territory every kind of trees and plants known in a temperate clime, as well as many representatives of the tropical and frigid zones, are found as vigorous and luxuriant, as if they were indigenous to the soil. Thus palms, bananas, and other tropical plants grow side by side here with Siberian pines, cedars of Lebanon, Japanese cryptomeria, and Californian sequoia. One sees here also many pergolas, whose roofs are gemmed with citrons, oranges, and lemons, though these must be in winter guarded from the frost by frames of wood and glass. Of this remarkable productiveness and prodigality of charms no finer example can be found than in the gardens of the Grand Duke. Flowers are never absent from their shady avenues and sunny slopes, nor perfume from their balmy air; and though the same is true to some extent of all protected gardens on the Italian lakes, such as the Villa Melzi, Villa Trotti, Villa Margherita, and many more, yet those of the Villa Carlotta present these characteristics on the grandest scale. Long after the twilight of the year begins to fall, the subtle perfume of the olea fragrans — whose insignificant flowers are often passed unnoticed by the stranger — mingles with other autumn scents, and gives the air around Lake Como a distinctive character that renders it a standard, with which similar atmospheres may be compared.

THE HALL OF SCULPTURE

Weeks before Yuletide, too, the yellow calycanthus flings its incense on the breeze, and gives a sunset tinge to the more sombre vegetation, against which its sharp, leafless branches produce innumerable picturesque and "Japanese" effects. Scarcely, however, has the calycanthus ceased to bloom, before camellias, — single and double, and phenomenally luxuriant, — with pink and white rosettes and chalices, begin to flush and star the verdant gloom.

IN THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA CARLOTTA.

CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

Yet ere these opulent beauties pass their prime, the cinerarias, in rich varieties of blues, whites, purples, and magentas, startle the eye, accustomed thus far to much tamer hues. These last are scentless flowers; but soon innumerable roses, which till now have seemed to hold their breath, give forth their fragrance, and display their loveliness in sumptuous profusion, climbing with slender tendrils up the loftiest trees, to make them radiant with splendor; hanging, like Persian

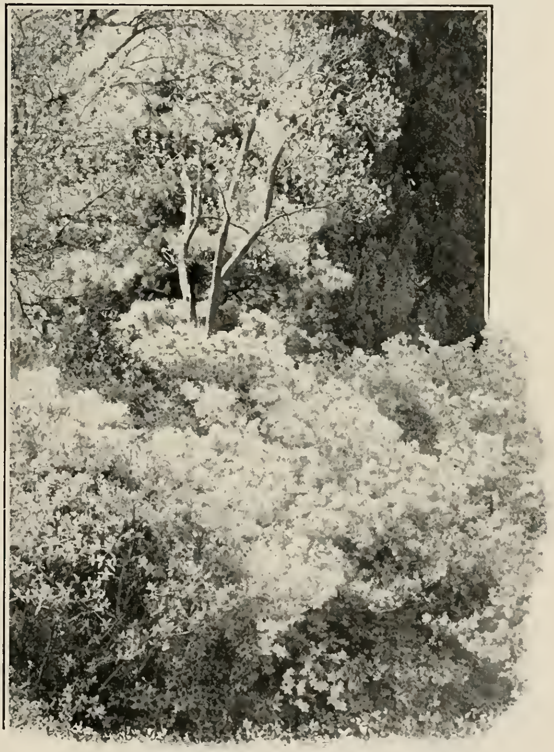
CHILDREN OF THE SHADE.

tapestries, from garden walls; dropping fine, petal-woven ladders from old Lombard towers; crowning the roofs of countless light pavilions, built above the lake; screening, like gilded lattice-work, fair ladies seated by an ivied parapet; and framing wave-lapped gates of charming villas with natural portières of scented bloom; yet not disdaining to enwreathe a marble fountain or a grass-grown dial in some ancient cloister, or even to adorn the humble churchyard, where many of the hands which planted them lie now at rest.

SUMMER'S SMILE.

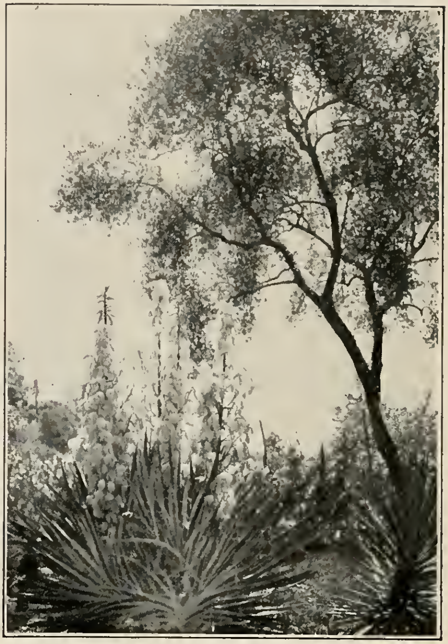
Besides all these advantages, — shared largely by all Larian parks, — the gardens of the Villa Carlotta have two special attractions, which are peerless. These are their rhododendrons and azaleas. The former often grow to a height of twenty-five feet, and their magnificent expanse of color, seen far out upon the lake, excites the admiration and astonishment of passing thousands. Surpassing these, however, in extent and variegated hues, are the unrivaled masses of

azaleas, grouped in rolling hillocks at their feet. It is well worth a voyage across the Atlantic to behold this exhibition at its best. It is a new experience, — a revelation. One dreams that he is strolling in Elysian Fields, or else has entered Nature's nursery for the floral world. Imagine the huge drifts of snow, between which we have sometimes walked, like pygmies, after an unusual storm, changed suddenly into mounds of rainbow-tinted flowers! Viewed from a little distance, this display recalled to me a grand procession in Saint Peter's; and I could fancy that I saw, far as the eye could reach on either side, the pure white of pontifical robes, the scarlet of the cardinals, the purple of the bishops, the magenta of the monsignori, and the crimson of the seminarians, especially as the gorgeously attired throng seemed moving in two parallel lines among majestic trees, suggesting columns in cathedral aisles. One leaves this scene, as if he were emerging from a temple sacred to the worship of the Beautiful, whose service had been silent prayer, inaudible music, and a voiceless benediction. Ah, could we but retain all that we love thus and admire! Alas!



AZALEAS ON LAKE COMO.

these marvelous gifts of nature are ephemeral. Before the end of May has come, they rapidly grow frail, and — usually after a heavy shower — fall to the earth, their glory disappearing, like the extinguished sun-waves of a prism. Emblem of all that is most beautiful and fleeting, they vanish, like a wondrous vision, leaving a precious memory only, to make good their loss.



BLOSSOMING YUCCAS.

In the magnificent scenic panorama of Lake Como, Bellaggio holds the centre of the stage. When one considers that this noble promontory stands precisely at the junction of the lake's three arms, all of which have at this point practically the same length and breadth, one feels that such consummate grace and symmetry cannot come from senseless geologic changes, but rather are the result of a determined plan, with beauty for its aim. For purposes of embellishment nothing more perfectly harmonious could be conceived. From every point for miles on either shore the

A GATE OF GLORY.

BELLAGGIO, FROM THE VILLA MELZI.

Punta di Bellaggio draws the vision, like a magnet of attraction. Opinions differ as to whether it is best to make one's sojourn there continuous; for, though the view which it commands is glorious, it lacks of course the vista of Bellaggio itself. Many prefer on this account to stay upon the western side of the lake, from which Bellaggio is distinctly visible, and thence to visit it from time to time. It is a matter where the reasons for and against so nicely balance, that probably whichever plan

THE PROMONTORY OF BELLAGGIO.

the traveler may adopt, he will regret he did not choose the other. Accordingly, unless the trouble of changing hotels seems too great, successive halts both in, and opposite, Bellaggio are desirable.

The little village looks, as one approaches it, like an artistically painted drop-curtain. The shore is fringed with pleasure-boats, protected from the sun by colored awnings, and near these stand well-dressed, expectant oarsmen, like Venetian

gondoliers. Behind them variously tinted hotels, pensions, and houses climb the hill, divided here and there from one another by steep, narrow alleys, which look as if they followed lines originally traced by mountain streams. The lower stories of the buildings, on a level with the strand, form one unbroken line of tasteful shops, made more attractive still by vaulted roofs extending over the sidewalk, thus giving visitors an opportunity to inspect with comfort, in all kinds of weather,

BELLAGGIO.

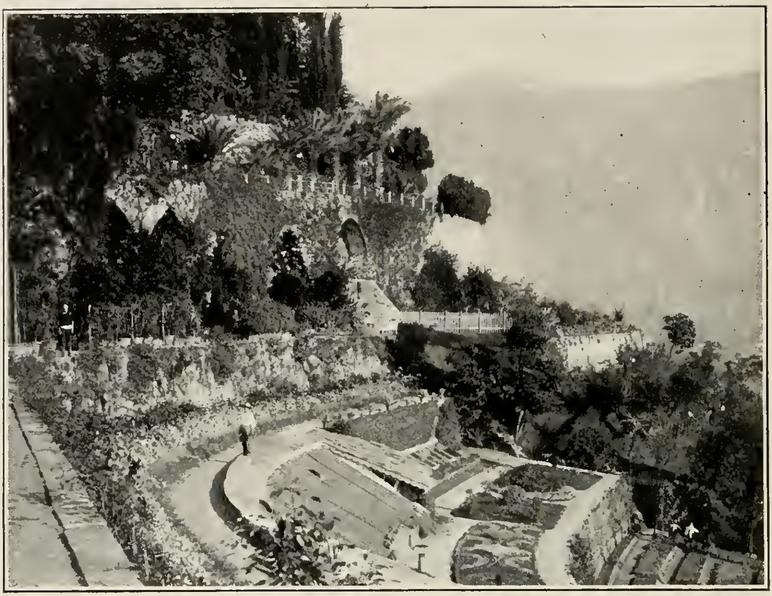
the charming wares so temptingly displayed. Among these may be often seen rare specimens of inlaid furniture, sometimes one or two centuries old, and usually showing exquisite workmanship. These are still found occasionally by experts traveling through the country, who cause them to be carefully repaired and polished, till they appear before the fascinated tourist as veritable *objets d'art*. It is not in the shops, however, or even on the pretty shore, that one can most enjoy

Bellagio. Above the village, with its hostelries and brilliant booths, towers the wooded bluff which forms the crowning glory of Lake Como; and now that the Villa Serbelloni, near its summit, is no longer a private residence, but has become the annex of the Grand Hotel, many prefer to live there during their entire stay, descending only now and then to make excursions. Even that apparently they do reluctantly, persuaded from the start that nothing they will see can equal what they leave behind. This hill is fortunately not so high as to necessitate that unattractive adjunct of so many Swiss resorts, — a funicular railway.

THE ARCADES OF BELLAGGIO.

An admirable carriage-road conveys one comfortably to the Villa, and even for pedestrians of small endurance the ascent is not fatiguing. But were it a necessity to make of this another Scala Sancta, and to ascend its slopes upon one's knees, it would repay the effort. The Serbelloni Hill — as, in default of a better name, we may perhaps call the height above Bellaggio — presents in a small compass a rare combination of a botanical park and the Black Forest. Thus, on the southern side, adjoining and below the

THE VILLA SERBELLONI.



THE SERBELLONI TERRACES.

Villa Serbelloni, is a succession of terraces, each one a tropical garden, basking in the solar heat, and lifting step by step in beautiful crescendo long, crescent-shaped expanses of exotic plants and trees, — palms, aloes, cacti, and mimosas, together with innumerable oranges and lemons, their golden globes resplendent among countless roses in an atmosphere of sweetness, constantly distilled from floral chalices. One feels that there should be erected on these terraces a shrine to Flora, whose white-robed priestesses, advancing down the fragrant avenues, should scatter jasmine blossoms in the pathway of approaching worshipers. How absolute is the contrast between such a height as this and those which man has used for purposes of war! Here is a natural Gibraltar, sacred to the interests of peace and beauty! An Ehrenbreitstein, on whose parapets are ranged no weapons of destruction! The object of all labor here is life, not death. The net result is happiness,

FLORA.

not misery. One feels that the presiding deity of the place is Flora, not Bellona. Approaching ships are welcomed, not repelled. Here gardeners take the place of soldiers. Not tears and blood, but rain and dew refresh the tranquil earth. The sunlight shimmers not on moving squadrons, but on billowy grain. The brilliant hues which charm the eye are those of flowers, not of uniforms; and fluttering flags are here replaced by waving trees. The evening's hush is not disturbed by sentry's challenge or the clarion's blast, but merely by a lover's song or nightingale's roulade. The only sunset call here is the Angelus. The only palms contended for are those whose branches rustle in the summer breeze. The frown of man is superseded by the smile of God.

A NATURAL GIBRALTAR, SACRED TO THE INTERESTS OF PEACE.

Behind the Villa Serbelloni and its terraces, the promontory of Bellaggio is covered with a forest, resembling that which clothes the mountains bordering Baden-Baden. This woodland is a fragrant wilderness of cedars, firs, and pines, so old, so silent, so serene in its seclusion, that one would scarcely feel surprise to find a sylvan god asleep in many of its shady nooks. Through this arboreal labyrinth wind numerous well-kept paths, leading to special points of observation, through which the distant outer world appears so small and noiseless, as to seem unreal. Here man has deftly aided nature by cutting windows in the verdant foliage, revealing in a long perspective of this soft Italian atmosphere some snow-crowned Titan of the Alps, or pink-walled village on the curving shore, or bright expanse of water jeweled by a sail. One passes thus from one enchanting picture to another, as one surveys the different paintings in a gallery. Some of the forest paths are cut and tunneled from the cliffs themselves, and coil about the bluff hundreds of feet above the wavelets at its base. It is a rare experience to gaze down from these natural balconies

A MINIATURE BLACK FOREST.

A VIEW FROM SERBELLONI.

through scores of noble trees to where the Larian lake lies sleeping in the sun, changing its colors with the passing clouds.

Among the conifers whose roots cling firmly to the rocks, while they themselves bend outward, as if eager to survey the mirror-like expanse beneath, are pine trees, whose red bark and singular shapes associate themselves indelibly with certain landscapes in Japan. In fact, one finds around Lake Como more than one resemblance to the land of the Mikado, — such as the Japanese maples which adorn its gardens; the picturesque, diminutive houses often seen embowered in perennial verdure; the little wooden clogs so often worn by the laboring classes; and more especially the large square sails flung out like banners to the Larian breeze. These sails, which fleck so frequently the surface of the lake, form one of its most pleasing features. True, their white canvas rises usually from substantial freight-boats, since yachts and even smaller sailboats are here conspicuous by their absence. But they are none the less attractive because useful; and their broad, sunlit masses gleam in beautiful relief against the dark blue water or the sombre moun-

A WINDOW ON MOUNT SERBELLONI.

THE SQUARE SAIL OF LAKE COMO.

tain-sides, and in their shape as well as their surroundings forcibly recall the boats that cleave the waves of Nippon's Inland Sea. Particularly striking are these sails when, bending slightly outward in a steady breeze, they are beheld in profile. Then they resemble silvery crescents, outlined gracefully against the azure deep, as if the sky and sickle moon were here portrayed in miniature.

The section of Lake Como stretching from Bellaggio to Lecco is usually deemed the least attractive of its three divisions. It suffers, however, chiefly from comparison. Were it alone to be considered, its shores would merit and receive high praise. Far fewer villas, it is true, adorn its rugged banks, and on one side the railroad gives to it a less romantic character than that which charms us on the Como branch. This also is the stormier basin of the lake. The "Breva di Lecco," as its principal wind is called,

THE SAIL IN PARTIAL PROFILE.

can be tremendously tempestuous, and residence on its shores on that account has never been so popular as in more sheltered spots. It is, however, at Lecco that the water of Lake Como finds an exit, the river Adda rushing thence impetuously southward to join, one hundred and fifty miles away, the river Po, and thus eventually to add its Alpine waters to the Adrian Sea. Few visitors to the Larian lake will care particularly for the manufacturing interests of Lecco, but on the contrary will probably avoid, as savoring too much of the business world which they have left, this city's iron foundries and silk works. But one impressive monument, adorning the Piazza of the town, will not remain unvisited. It is a well-deserved memorial of Alessandro Manzoni, one of the greatest novelists and poets, as well as one of the best and kindest private citizens, of modern Italy. His best-known work, "I Promessi Sposi" (The Betrothed), which Sir Walter Scott pronounced the finest novel

LECCO.

ever written, has passed through one hundred and eighteen editions in the Italian tongue alone, besides a score or more in several other European languages. This of itself makes Lecco and its environs extremely interesting, especially as Manzoni lived for years in this vicinity, and many pages of his famous book are devoted to its description. Another specimen of his genius is his widely read and universally admired poem, "Il Cinque Maggio" (The Fifth of May), inspired by the death of Napoleon, on that date, at Saint Helena. When this illustrious writer died, in 1873, at the age of eighty-eight, Italy mourned him as a literary king. A truly national procession followed his body to the grave, and Verdi's wonderfully beautiful Requiem Mass was specially composed in honor of his memory.

Across that portion of Lake Como where its shores most widely separate, leaving a "silver streak" between them nearly three miles broad, two prominent towns confront each other, — Varenna on the eastern, Menaggio on the western, bank. Both are, of course, competitors for popularity. Each constantly reminds mankind that it has golf links. Each is connected with the outer world by rail. Each has its own advantages in

THE LECCO ARM OF LAKE COMO.

points of view, conveniences, and climate. Hence each can boast of regular adherents, who are too loyal to stay elsewhere, when they make their annual visits to the lake. Menaggio is the cooler place in summer, for its exposed position catches every breeze. But when the heat is not extreme, to sit upon the southward-facing, wave-lapped terrace of Varenna's Hotel Royal, gazing down both the Como and the Lecco branches of the lake, as they divide, and melt away in silvery haze to right and left of the bold promontory of Bellagio, is one of those experiences which make life sweeter in its present, and measurelessly richer in its past. That is a spot in which to read and dream of the romantic Lady of the lake, Queen Theodelinda, whose eventful life passed peacefully away in an old castle still conspicuous on the wooded height above Varenna. Theodelinda is a name to conjure with upon the Larian lake. No record of its

STATUE OF MANZONI IN LECCO.

MENAGGIO.

shores would be complete without her. She is to Christian history here what Pliny is to that of Rome. A daughter of the king of Bavaria, this princess, in the latter part of the sixth century, married Autaris, king of the Lombards, who — as we have seen — had conquered nearly all of Italy from the Alps to Etna, and finally had subdued, on Como's solitary island, the last small band of Romans in the north. A few years later, having become a widow, she had already won such favor with the Lombards, that they requested her to choose a second husband, pledging themselves to recognize the favored suitor as their king. The fortunate man was Agilulf, Duke of Turin, whom she — already a believer — persuaded to adopt the ever spreading faith of Christendom. Moreover, as a proof of his sincerity, she even induced him to abandon his intention to lay siege to Rome, and make himself the master of the Roman world. In gratitude for this incalculably precious boon, Pope Gregory the Great gave to this ardent daughter of the Church a ring of iron,

AN OLD STREET IN VARENNA.

A WALK NEAR VARENNA.

large enough to clasp her brows, and form the groundwork of a crown which otherwise is composed of gold and precious stones. This iron fillet owed its value to the belief that it had been hammered out of some of the nails of the true cross, found in Jerusalem by the Empress Helena in the fourth century. No diadem has had a longer or a more eventful history than that which holds within its grasp this papal gift to Theodelinda, for its attenuated circlet forms the nucleus of the famous Iron Crown, with which so many sovereigns of Italy have been endowed in the imposing ceremonies of their coronation. Among those who have worn it thus were Henry VII., in 1311; the long array of German emperors, who were crowned kings of Italy after the thirteenth century; the emperor Charles V. in 1530; and — most extraordinary of all — Napoleon in 1805, who in the great cathedral of Milan placed it upon his head with his own hands, exclaiming: "God has given it to me! Let him who touches it, beware!" After the latter's downfall, the Austrian emperor Ferdinand I., and subsequently his nephew, the present kaiser, Francis Joseph, were also crowned with it. In fact, on their expulsion from Lombardy in 1859, the Austrians took the celebrated relic with them, regarding it

VARENNA AND ITS RUINED CASTLE.

VICTOR EMANUEL III.

possibly as a talisman, insuring their return. If so, their hopes were doomed to disappointment, and seven years later they restored it to the new Italian dynasty. It is interesting, also, to remember that the present king of Italy, Victor Emanuel III., whose reign confers so many benefits on his people, insisted, after the murder of his father, Umberto, at Monza, that the Iron Crown should be conveyed to Rome for his coronation; and it was with this historic heirloom on his head that the young sovereign made that memorable appeal to parliament and people which thrilled the national heart, and told the world that a broad-minded, patriotic, and intelligent monarch was seated on the throne of Italy.

Monza, a few miles only from Milan upon the route to Como, well repays a visit, particularly if one takes an interest in memorials of Theodelinda. For its cathedral stands on the foundations of the Lombard church, erected by her order in the year 595 A.D.; and there, in a strong vault behind the altar, is still preserved the Iron Crown, which — on the payment of five francs — is shown to visitors with a ceremonious reverence, worthy of its record. Besides this fine memorial, however, numerous other relics are ex-

THE CATHEDRAL OF MONZA.

hibited here, — such as the crown of Theodelinda, her fan of beautifully painted leather, her comb adorned with gold and emeralds, the richly decorated cover of her prayer-book, the sapphire cup which she made use of upon State occasions, and the rock-crystal cross, bestowed upon her by the pope, to celebrate the christening of her eldest child. Another singular reminder of the Lombard queen is the carved figure over the principal portal of the cathedral, which represents her, giving to her husband, Agilulf, the Christian Cross and Iron Crown.

FRESCO IN THEODELINDA'S CHAPEL, REPRESENTING HER MARRIAGE.

For one whose life and services to the Church were so remarkable, the queen's sarcophagus within a frescoed chapel near the choir seems very plain, yet no adornment of its surface could increase the reverence felt by the people for the hallowed dust which it contains. True, she has not yet been canonized, yet thousands kneel before her tomb; for through the moral gloom of mediæval

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Italy the beauty, piety, and wisdom of this Christian princess shine, as a galaxy of brilliant stars gleams through a rift in clouds of inky blackness on a night of storm.

A short excursion from Varenna, either by rowboat or on foot, reveals a celebrated waterfall, whose stainless whiteness gives to it the name of Fiumelatte, or the Milk Stream. Issuing from a mountain cavern nearly a thousand feet above the shore, it leaps from ledge to ledge in floods of lacteal foam, which amply justify its name. Its fame attains perhaps an undue prominence because the Larian lake is singularly lacking in such objects. Yet it possesses certain special features which anywhere would render it remarkable. Like most of the cascades around Lake Como, it has its times of disappearance; and those who visit it in summer, when drought has temporarily parched its throat, or in midwinter, when the frost-king chokes it with his icy hand, may find no water here at all, and can form little idea of the enormous volume which, in the spring and autumn, fed by the melting snows or heavy rains on Monte Grigna, comes plung-

THE FIUMELATTE NEAR VARENNA.

ing down the precipice. If this, however, were its only eccentricity, it would be hardly worth recording; but for some unexplained reason this milk-white torrent often shows a variation in its mass during the weeks when the supply of water from the liquefying glaciers ought to be invariable. Is the mysterious cause of this the same that regulates the pulse of Pliny's spring near Torno? Or is the singular caprice due merely to some alteration in the ice upon La Grigna? The latter seems the more probable explanation. Another curious phenomenon connected with this cataract is a strange difference in the sounds accompanying its exit from the mountain cavern. These may be likened to the roaring in a sea-shell, when we hold it to our ear, save that they vary

THE FIUMELATTE MADE TO WORK.

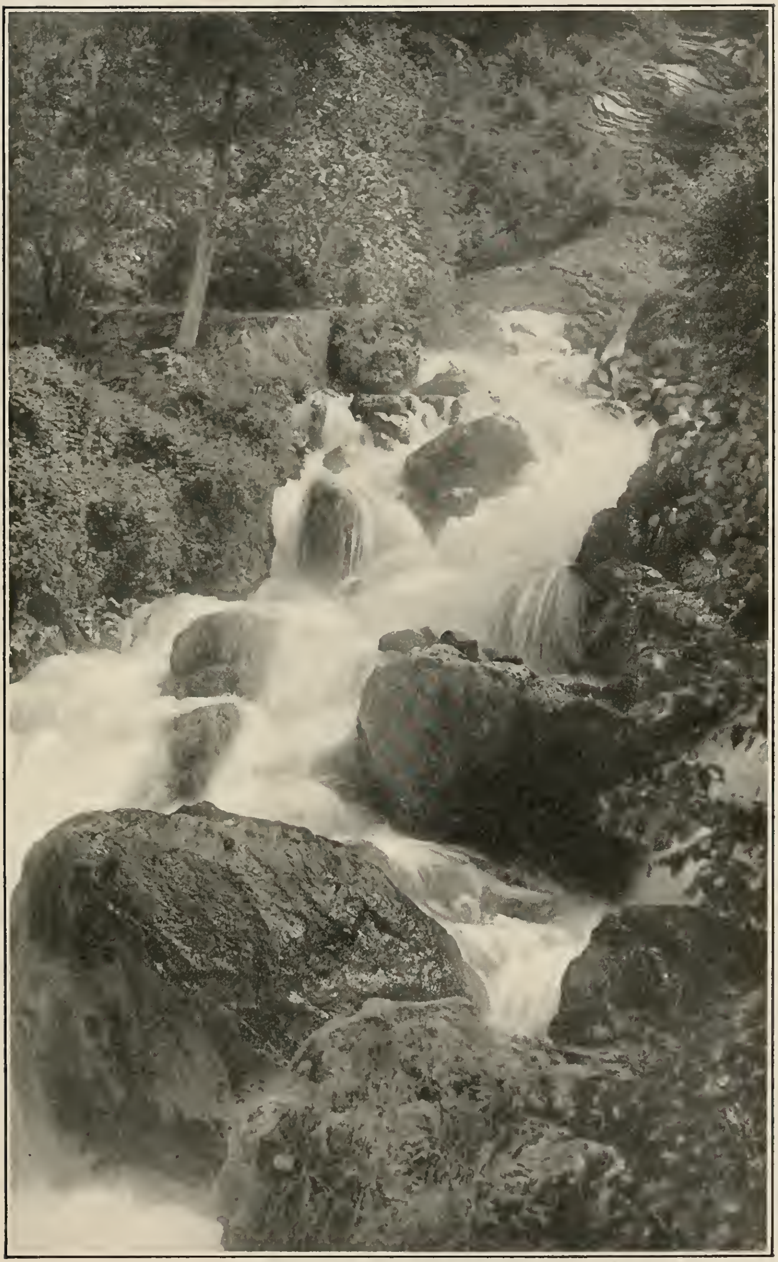
greatly with the wind and weather. Some atmospheric pressure in the resonant reservoir within the hills, or in the channels which connect that basin with the upper world, no doubt occasions these uncanny noises; but, since the causes remain obscure, they are by many associated with some supernatural origin, and in old pagan times would probably

have been regarded as the awe-inspiring voices of an oracle. An icy draught comes rushing down the mountain with this foaming flood, and I was not surprised to find its temperature extremely cold. In fact some portions of it are adroitly utilized by those desirous of keeping fresh for several days their meat and fish, just as an old historian of the lake describes the people of this region doing nearly four hundred years ago. The frigid torrent turns at last the wheels of several mills before it enters on the placid life awaiting it within the lake. But this, in such a land of poverty, is as it should be. Moreover, in these strenuous days, if only part of any lovely thing be taken for commercial purposes, we should be silent, thankful it is not the whole.

BELLANO.

The natural tendency of travelers to measure everything around Lake Como merely by æsthetic standards is illustrated by the shock they feel, on learning that Bellano — nearest neighbor to Varenna — is a manufacturing town. "What! Manufactories on the Larian lake?" they cry; "Impossible!" Yet even polenta-eat-

A COTTAGE NEAR VARENNA.



THE FIUMELATTE, NEAR VARENNA.

ing peasants cannot live exclusively on lovely scenery, — or, for that matter, on the tourist, — and possibly the traveler's resentment at the incongruity of such establishments upon these shores may be diminished by the discovery that they are only silk factories, after all! So easy is it to associate such an occupation with ideals of beauty! Moreover, if excuse were needed for Bellano's enterprise, it might be found in the circumstance that it was one of her citizens, Pietro Boldoni, who, just four centuries ago, first introduced this branch of labor on the lake.

A CHARACTERISTIC HEAD-DRESS OF LAKE COMO.

Bellano, therefore, is a favorable point at which to study briefly this great industry, which plays so prominent a part in the development of modern Italy. Of course the art of manufacturing raw silk did not have its origin here. Like many other useful things, we owe the process to old China, where sericulture was invented more than four thousand years ago. For centuries the Chinese guarded jealously their secrets in respect to rearing silkworms and to reeling silk, and any exportation of the eggs or fresh cocoons was punishable with death. At length, however, the invention slowly made its way to India, and thence through Persia into Asia Minor. More-

NESSO.

over, in 555 A.D., two monks, who had lived long in China, and had acquired there a knowledge of the methods used, brought some of the silkworm's eggs, concealed in hollow bamboo canes, to Constantinople, and placed their information at the disposal of the emperor Justinian. From such a small beginning did the making of raw silk gain a foothold in the western world! Yet only very slowly did it spread through Europe, and it was not until the twelfth century that it entered Italy. To-day, however, though China still remains the first raw-silk-producing country in the world, yielding some thirty-five per cent. of the whole supply, Italy holds the second place, and leaves all other rivals far behind her. Singularly enough, however, she remains backward in the actual weaving of the article. It is in Lombardy that the greater part of Italy's raw silk is produced, and on the Lombard plains and in the region of the Italian lakes the traveler sees innumerable specimens of the mulberry tree, upon the leaves of which the silkworm feeds. The treatment which these trees receive is wonderful. In May they stand, apparently by millions, green with verdure. In June the most of them are bare — stripped of their foliage not by insects, but by men. In July they are often hideous, with leafless branches trimmed to stump-like mutilation. "Nothing but leaves" is no reproach to mulberry trees, for leaves are practically all that is required of them, to serve as sustenance for hungry worms. A stranger might suppose that any plants

SAN GIOVANNI.

A MULBERRY TREE.

would die from such divestiture; but their adroit despoilers understand precisely how to cut them back, and fertilize the soil about their roots, so that, though shorn repeatedly, they live and thrive for many years. It is exceedingly interesting and instructive to watch the gradual transformation of the silkworm into the cocoon. It certainly has a small beginning. Thus, all the eggs from which two thousand worms are hatched, can be contained upon a single leaf, yet for those same two thousand insects, on whose industry so much depends, at least a dozen spacious shelves must be prepared. On these are placed the new-born worms, which from the start are kept continually covered with fresh mulberry leaves. Four or five times a day this food is furnished them, and the amount devoured seems incredible. The crunching murmur of their mastication is distinctly audible, and sounds like the fine crackling of a flame through paper, when first kindled, or like the gentle fall of rain on grass or flowers. For nearly a month these insects eat in-

COSTUMES OF THE COUNTRY.

OUT ON THE HEIGHTS.

cessantly, day and night, except when they make four remarkable pauses, lasting two days each. During those periods of rest, in which all noise must be avoided, they seem to sleep, and on each such occasion shed their skins! Then, having acquired new ones, they begin to eat again with added vigor and unflagging appetite. To watch their fierce voracity, one would suppose their lives depended on the amount consumed. At last, however, a day arrives when they are sated, and can eat no more. By that time they have attained a length of three and a half inches and the thickness of a good-sized pencil. And now this chapter of their existence ends. A silken thread appears within their mouths, which they perforce must spin, — a thread which guides them through the labyrinthine mysteries of instinct to the next step in their evolution. In anticipation of this singular event, the ever vigilant attendants have already built, behind the shelves on which the silkworms feed, a miniature grove of twigs and branches, called a *bosco*. Into this tiny wood the silkworms voluntarily crawl, as chickens go to roost in trees. Then each proceeds to lash its body to some twig with self-spun

CHILDREN OF LAKE COMO.

threads, and, when secure of its position, weaves about itself for five or six days a golden-hued cocoon, about the size of a pigeon's egg. In the economy of nature, if not prevented by the hand of man, there would emerge in three weeks' time from every yellow envelope a four-winged butterfly. But in this case each silken shroud is a sarcophagus. At the right moment the assistants put to death the slumbering chrysalis, by placing the

DISCUSSING FUTURE SILKS.

cocoons in hot-air ovens; for, should the butterfly be allowed to pierce its golden cloak and force an exit, the silk would be unfit for reeling. The cocoons, made thus lifeless, are then laid in water, heated almost to the boiling point, to soften the gelatinous substance which surrounds them; and while they float thus half submerged their silken threads are reeled off with the greatest care, the delicate work being usually entrusted only to the hands of women. In fact, the filaments are so fine, that four of them at least are wound together, to form a strand

sufficiently firm to admit of handling. Even then, when the revolving reel is rapidly turned, it is extremely difficult to distinguish any thread at all. A single fibre is often eleven hundred feet in length, and it requires the product of some sixteen hundred worms to make one pound of silk. What most impressed me in this sericulture was the marvelous way in which the irresistible instincts of the insect have been utilized for the wants of man. There seems a sort of treachery on his part in leading these poor creatures on to carry out so perfectly a portion only of the plan of their development, intending all the time to rob them ultimately of their life, and check the entire aim of their existence, as arranged in nature's laboratory. Hence, though perhaps we feel ashamed of entertaining pity for the silkworm, we may be glad at least that it knows nothing of the wingèd life, of which it is deprived. Whenever I behold the slender, golden threads reeled from the dainty tabernacle of the lifeless chrysalis, a kind of apprehension seizes me — a dread lest silkworms may not be the only beings on our planet doomed to toil blindly toward a hoped-for goal which

A LAKESIDE RESTAURANT.

MAGDALEN, BY CANOVA. VILLA CARLOTTA.

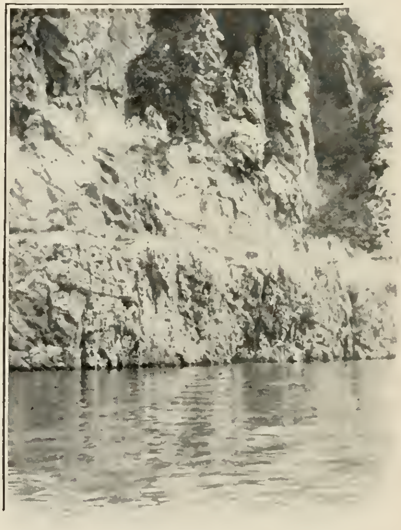
they shall never reach. How tragic would it be — could it be true—if we who struggle on, inspired by dreams of immortality, were to be finally thwarted by some master mind, that deemed it best to disappoint our sweet delusion, and let no further life evolve from the pale shrouds which hold at last our earthly forms!

Along Lake Como's western bank, between Menaggio and Gravedona, winds a magnificent carriage-road, called the Strada Regina. In many places hewn from the solid rock, piercing the promontories, and guarded by substantial parapets, it does not much resemble the historic path which men used far above it on the cliffs a hundred years ago. In 1799, when revolutionary France

MENAGGIO AND THE STRADA REGINA.

WHERE THE RUSSIANS FELL.

was struggling, single-handed, against allied Europe, a portion of Suwároff's army tried to make its way along this precipice. Worn slightly in its savage slope, one saw here then a treacherous trail, at best fit only for a mule. Yet on this narrow ledge the daring Russians fearlessly advanced. Success rewarded most of them; but some, whose horses reared in fright, slipped down the sheer declivity, together with their plunging steeds, and perished in the lake. Yet when did difficulties such as these ever dismay that darling of the Cossacks? No general was ever braver, and none more reckless of his men and beasts, than that intrepid Russian, who frequently, before a battle, issued to his soldiers words like these: "God wills, the Emperor orders, and Suwároff commands that to-morrow the enemy be conquered!" Occasionally his troops would mutiny, refusing to encounter some terrific storm, or venture on some break-neck path; but he would then command them to prepare a grave, and, flinging himself into it, would ask them to obey him, or abandon him.



THE MODERN ROAD.

The same result invariably followed. His eloquence was irresistible. His men were hypnotized. With shouts of loyalty they yielded to the magic of his words and magnetism of his presence, and swore to follow him to death. So well in this case did they keep their promise, that in three months Suwároff made himself the master of the Lombard plains, and swept the French from Piedmont to the summits of the Alps, depriving thus the young Republic of everything that Bonaparte had gained for it in Italy. Meanwhile — with no prevision of Napoleon's return from Egypt and his recovery of Italy at Marengo

REZZONICO.

by one master stroke — Suwároff made his entry into Milan as conqueror; and his delighted Tsar not only granted him for his Italian victories the honorary name of *Italienski*, but specially decreed that everywhere in Russia he should be regarded as the greatest general that ever lived! One prominent feature of the Strada Regina is a venerable fortress, towering high above a town, now called Rezzonico. In the soft transformation wrought by the Italian tongue, this word is said to be derived from Rhætionicum. This, if correct, would lead one to suppose that here

was once a settlement of Rhætians — that warlike, predatory race which had its home in what are now known as the Engadine and the Tyrōl, and extended even as far south as the lakes of Como and Garda.

Down the Maloja and the Splügen passes, now yearly traversed by so many modern tourists on their way to St. Moritz and Davos, those Rhætians often swept destructively upon the Roman world, until Tiberius and Drusus, stepsons of Augustus, fifteen years before Christ, completely conquered them, and brought their territory under the ægis of the empire. It is quite probable, therefore, that this town was one of the most southern stations of the Rhætians. To the great castle-tower, frowning from the height, is doubtless due the name of the illustrious family of Della Torre di Rezzonico, whose best-known scion, Carlo, became in 1758 Pope Clement XIII. All who have walked through the superbly ornamented side-aisles of Saint Peter's church at Rome will recollect the finest of its papal tombs, — that of this saintly pontiff, — the masterpiece of Canova. Few occupants of St. Peter's chair have had so stormy a career and so sad an end as Carlo di Rezzonico. Exceptionally pious, kind, and gentle, by some strange irony of fate his reign of eleven

TOMB OF POPE CLEMENT XIII.

years was one incessant strife with the great Catholic countries, Portugal, France, and Spain, which had determined to suppress the Jesuits in their dominions. Clement XIII., however, espoused the cause of the persecuted Order, and fought for it to the last a losing and disheartening battle. At length the pressure put upon him by the Powers proved irresistible, and he perceived that, if he would not wreck the papacy, he must yield. It is believed that he was about to issue a decree unfavorable to the Jesuits, and certainly he had summoned a Consistory to meet him on the third of February, 1769. The meeting never took place. On the morning of the second of February the pope was in his usual health and celebrated mass. In the evening he was suddenly seized with spasms of atrocious pain, and in a short time was no more. So grave were the suspicions of foul play that an autopsy was demanded and performed, with the result that Clement XIII. was officially stated to have died from a dilated artery near the heart. Many, however, remained unconvinced, asserting that his symptoms did not indicate an aneurism, but that his terrible convulsions and excruciating pains were proof of poison. The actual facts will probably never be known, and Clement XIII.'s death is doubtless destined to remain one of the mysteries of history.

FIGURE OF ONE OF THE LIONS.

Who would suppose it possible to find upon this road two celebrated works of art? Such is the case, however; and what is even more remarkable is the fact that the small town of Cremia, half a mile beyond Rezzonico, contains them both. One forms

an altar-piece in the old sanctuary of San Vito, on the shore, and is a really beautiful Madonna, painted by Borgognone, the great contemporary of Leonardo da Vinci, and one of the foremost artists of his age. The other hangs in the church of San Michele, situated far up on the mountain-side, and is a genuine work by Paul Veronese, the subject being the victory of the archangel Michael over Lucifer. That this comparatively unknown town should have acquired such treasures is due to the civic pride of its citizens. Who gave to it the exquisite Madonna of Borgognone is uncertain; but Veronese's noble painting was secured for it in 1586 by Count Pezzetta, who loved his native place and wished to make it famous. Two other public-spirited men contributed its frame. Of course the Cremians are immensely gratified to own these works, and would not part with them on any account. Yet they have not been left untempted. About a century ago, an envoy of the Austrian emperor approached the Cremian commune with a handsome offer for the painting by Veronese, together with the promise of an accurate copy of the original to replace it. The town authorities went so far as to take the matter into consideration, and there were arguments for and against the alluring proposition; but it was finally refused, and little Cremia, poor but proud, still owns the picture of the great Venetian, which it has treasured for three hundred and twenty years.

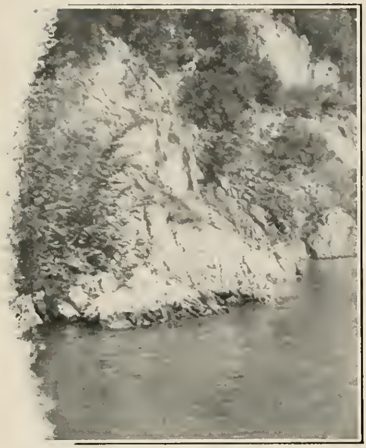
THE CHURCH OF SAN VITO.

Advancing farther northward on the Strada Regina, which here commands the noblest views, we see, not far from Cremia, on a cliff five hundred feet above the lake, the massive ruin of a once redoubtable robber's nest. It is a remnant of the formerly well-known castle of Musso. Its situation is imposing, and must, three hundred and fifty years ago, have been impregnable. Moreover, it possesses a romantic history, wild as the crag on which it stands, and illustrating well the mediæval days when its despotic lord spread terror far and wide. In 1525 the chatelain of Musso was a man whose name — Gran Giacomo de' Medici — was claimed by him to be a proof that he was related to the famous family of Florence. However that may be, he was then commonly known, and is still usually spoken of, by the diminutive title of "Il Medeghino," or the Little Medici. Unscrupulous and daring, this young adventurer, at the age of sixteen, had already committed murder in Milan, — a deed for which he was exiled to Lake Como. This may have been advantageous for Milan. It certainly was not so for the lake, where from that time, for many years, his evil genius found free scope for crime. He was at once attracted to the castle of Musso, perceiving in its easily defended site a suitable base of operations for the part he meant to play upon the world's disordered stage. He therefore frankly asked Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, to give it to him, in return for certain

DISTANT VIEW OF THE PROMONTORY OF MUSSO.

favors he had rendered him. It was significant of the morals of that frightful age that Sforza promised him the castle, provided he would first oblige him by murdering a member of the great Visconti family, whom he dreaded as a rival. True, this Visconti happened to be a friend of Il Medeghino, but such a trifle gave that youthful ruffian no concern. He therefore promptly ran his sword through him, and claimed the castle for his own. It was another action typical of the times that Sforza, while apparently conceding it with pleasure, gave to Il Medeghino, together with the title-deed and letter of introduction, a private missive for the keeper of the stronghold. Giacomo was shrewd enough, however, to unseal and read this note, and found that it instructed Musso's guardian to cut his throat at once! Needless to say, the missive was destroyed. Nor is it strange, that when Il Medeghino found himself the actual possessor of the fortress, he cast all scruples to the wind, and entered boldly on a course of piracy. The castle, naturally strong, was forthwith made by him so formidable, that it could easily repel attack, and outlast any siege. And now as an unprincipled brigand, plundering right and left, levying tolls on every passing boat, and paying his retainers well, Il Medeghino speedily gathered round

SITE OF THE CASTLE OF MUSSO.



AT THE BASE OF MUSSO'S CLIFFS.

him several thousand well-armed desperadoes, and with them manned a powerful fleet. Little by little, the exploits of these outlaws made their chief a man worth cultivating by contending rivals. Accordingly, adroitly favoring now the Duke of Milan, and now the French or Spaniards, this corsair of Lake Como played for years a great political rôle, which paid him well. Thus, for his aid in making war upon the Swiss within the valleys bordering on the lake, he was rewarded with the titles of Governor of Musso, Marquis of Como, and Count of Lecco, and was informed that he might add to his domains all of that territory he could take. Indeed, by his attack upon the Swiss, — who were intruding on the dukedom of Milan, to aid the French king, Francis I., — Il Medeghino no doubt caused in part the defeat and capture of that sovereign at Pavia! Such was his power, that he at one time actually coined money, stamped with his own name and arms. At last, however, in 1532, having offended both the Swiss and Milanese, his enemies combined against him, and brought the old

AN ANCIENT LOMBARD TOWER. AZZANO.

marauder to extremities. Yet, though defeated by his numerous foes, and driven into Musso, like a lion to its lair, he still was strong enough to make good terms, and left his stronghold only after having received an extensive tract of territory, a pardon for himself and followers, and liberty to take with him his arms and ammunition. These terms were honorably kept; but when the castle he had held so long was empty, the

A BOAT OF TRANSPORT.

prudent Swiss dismantled it, and made it the old, harmless ruin that it is to-day. Thenceforth, although his power was largely gone, Il Medeghino lived on as a soldier of fortune, letting his troops out to the highest bidder. As such, he served the Spanish emperor, Charles V., in the Netherlands, as well as the Duke of Tuscany in Italy, but was at heart the same freebooter to the last. How can we understand the fact that this notorious assassin seems to have been admired and loved by many? His soldiers, family, and servants certainly were

devoted to him; and at his death, in 1555, the Senate of Milan went into mourning, and the old pirate's corpse was followed to the grave by thousands who, in an age when vigor passed for virtue, looked upon him as a hero.

He was, moreover, buried in the grand Duomo of Milan, beneath a handsome monument, whose five bronze figures are the work of another famous resident of Lake Como, the sculptor

A STYLE OF BOAT USED ON THE LAKE FOR CENTURIES.

of Menaggio, Leone Leoni. Such posthumous honors are in part explained by the astonishing fact that this acknowledged brigand was the brother of a pope, and uncle of a saint! For his own brother, Giovanni, became Pius IV., and his sister, Clarina, was the mother of Saint Carlo Borromeo, whose dust is so revered to-day in the Milan cathedral. To one thus highly connected much is forgiven — in this world at least! Yet it is likely also that the personal magnetism of the man, and the inevitable glamour which attends successful deeds of violence,

had won the people's hearts, and warped their moral judgments. Probably, too, there was in this strange character something really lovable and good. If so, a fitting epitaph for his monument might well have been the lines of Byron:

> "He left a Corsair's name to other
> times,
> Linked with one virtue and a
> thousand crimes."

TOMB OF IL MEDEGHINO, MILAN CATHEDRAL.

Some two miles distant from the ruins of Il Medeghino's stronghold lies the interesting town of Gravedona, beautifully situated in a sheltered bay. Though bright and youthful in appearance, there is an unmistakable air of proud reserve and dignity about the place, which hints of an eventful past, and quite prepares us to believe that during the Middle Ages this ranked next to Como among Larian towns. Two venerable churches, — Santa Maria and San Vincenzo, — standing near the water's edge, also attest the fact that here Christianity was powerful at an early date. Indeed, the church of Santa Maria is said to have been founded in 590 A.D. by that convenient patroness of all good ancient things upon the lake, — Queen The-

THE PALACE OF CARDINAL GALLIO.

odelinda. Moreover, beneath the shrine of San Vincenzo is a crypt, supposed to be a century older still. It certainly contains two Christian inscriptions dating from the year 508 A.D., and in its sacristy are specimens of fifteenth-century work in exquisitely finished objects of wrought silver, set with precious stones. A third imposing edifice gives to Gravedona even more distinction. This is the huge square castle, erected here, some thirty years after the death of Il Medeghino, for Cardinal Gallio. He, it will be remembered, also owned the sumptuous palace at the other end of the lake, now called the Villa d'Este, and was as celebrated for his liberality as for his wealth. In fact, it was said of him — so many were his residences — that he could make a ten days' journey between Rome and Gravedona, sleeping each night in a different place, yet never under any roof except his own. Typical of the age in which it was constructed, this castle at Gravedona could have been easily utilized as a fortress, in case of necessity, so strong are its foundations and so thick its walls. To-day its spacious rooms are almost desolate. Marauders in the seventeenth century plundered it of all its riches. Hence, of the stately furniture, gorgeous tapestries, and noble works of art, which made this building famous for its splendor, not a trace remains. Practically nothing but the vast shell still exists, although it has been partially converted into a monastery. No one can linger long, however, in its lonely portico, surveying the magnificent view which it commands, without a sigh that it has

GRAVEDONA.

ELABORATE CHALICE, FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

fallen into such neglect, and a desire that some one should restore it to its former grandeur, and give to it the beauty and the luxury which seem its right. But who will ever breathe into its halls the breath of that old life? As little can one hope that from the depths of the fair lake will ever be restored the castle's ravished treasures, submerged and buried by the angry waves, when the ill-fated, overladen boat which bore them hence encountered a terrific storm. This was, however, nothing strange. The section of the lake between Gravedona and Bellano is often much disturbed. Even in summer, I have sometimes left the Tremezzina and the region round the promontory of Bellaggio tranquil, yet found this stretch of water rough enough to cause

WHEN THE BREVA BLOWS.

the spray to fly profusely over a motor-boat, and to make rowing undesirable, though of course not dangerous. This was not due to any tempest. On the contrary, it is the ordinary condition which prevails there in fine weather. For then the two south breezes, called the Breva di Lecco and the Breva di Como, are usually blowing with considerable force, and in converging at this point produce a troubled sea. When actual storms occur here, therefore, they are violent. From Gravedona it is but a little way to the pretty town of Domaso, built, like Menaggio, on a point of land, advancing wedge-like far into the waves. Beyond this, on the opposite shore, one sees Lake Como's principal tributary, the Adda, rushing impetuously from its Alpine home to lose for a brief time its own identity in the mighty mass, from which it will emerge again at Lecco, thirty miles away. Standing upon this picturesque peninsula, almost within the shadow of the Alps, I follow with my eye the glistening highway, as it skirts the upper portion of the lake, and finally turns northward toward Chiavenna — that old, romantic town whose name, "The Key," reminds us that it once unlocked the two important valleys of the Splügen and Bregaglia, by which one mounts to the great Alpine world. Thence, as my gaze coasts round Lake Como's gracious shores, I ask myself what other features of its beautiful expanse I should lay special stress on, as my space grows short. The

A PASSING GLIMPSE.

answer comes at once, its *private gardens*, those inner sanctuaries of the Larian temple, opened only to a favored few.

For though the passing traveler may admire from a distance many well-placed homes, embowered in shade, he can have little idea of their delightful gardens, rarely visible from the boat. These play, however, an important rôle in Larian life. For here in the Old World, where one has still some leisure, and all who can spend hours daily in the open air, gardens are not mere grounds to be exhibited, but places to be lived in. I do not now refer, of course, to public parks, where many congregate for health and pleasure; but to those sweet, arboreal retreats, half consecrated to the muses, half to flowers, where one can read, reflect, and dream in undisturbed seclusion. To sit within such walled enclosures, screened from the world by roses or wistaria, and shaded by majestic trees, impervious to the solar rays and always free from wilting heat, and thence

SCREENED FROM THE WORLD.

ARGEGNO.

to look forth on the dimpled bosom of the lake and its surrounding mountains, must rank among the first of life's serener joys. Ah, how one comes to love these sylvan shelters in a land of ardent suns! A thick-leaved, spacious tree becomes at last a friend, — restful as music, faithful as a dog,

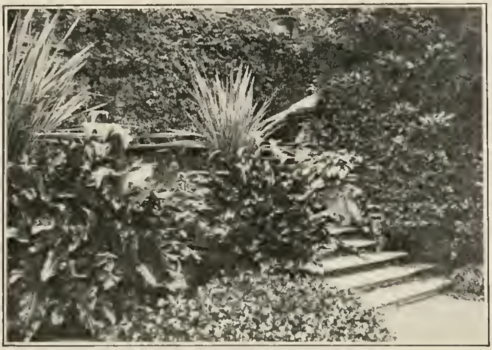
DOMASO AND THE RIVER ADDA.

and silent as a book. In such unchanging, mute companionship how many of life's sweetest hours can be passed! The pioneer in a savage country may regard a tree as something hostile to his interests, — a thing to be uprooted and destroyed as soon as possible. But, in proportion as we acquire civilization, we inevitably treasure trees, dislike to see them felled, and look on forestry as a fine art. Particularly is this true of Italy, where negligence or wanton waste has brought to bankruptcy so many sun-scorched hills. One can say truly of this richly dowered land that any lack of charm that it possesses, comes from want of trees. Perhaps one ought to add — and dearth

AMONG THE TREES.

of birds. For in a country where bird-snaring and bird-killing have attained such skill that many regions are as ominously silent as a tomb, this also is a serious blemish. It seems incredible that man can be at once so stupid and so heartless as to kill the song-birds of the world! However eager he may be to slaughter all the other animals which share with him the hab-

itable globe, one might suppose that he would spare these innocent and harmless creatures, whose presence is revealed to him by nothing harsher than the passage of bright plumage or a burst of song, and whose sole weapon of defense against his greed or cruelty is an appealing strain of melody. But a desire to slay, even without the chance of selling or devouring the game, is still more powerful than pity among millions of the so-called civilized. Warnings have recently been issued by scientists in France that at the present rate of slaughter the birds in many parts of Europe will be soon exterminated. An illustration of their reckless massacre is the fact that thousands of larks are sometimes killed, and sold at five or six cents a dozen! Even then the carnage is so monstrous and unnecessary that quantities of birds, which their destroyers cannot sell, are thrown away. Of course, one noticeable result of this atrocious practice is the increasing number of destructive insects, usually kept in check by birds. But, happily, every Larian garden is a place of refuge for the feathered warblers, and in these leafy concert-halls



A HOME FOR FEATHERED WARBLERS.

THE HAUNT OF THE NIGHTINGALE

they pour forth such roulades and joyous trills, that one feels certain they are showing gratitude for kindness and protection. Nowhere have I heard nightingales sing so fervently and constantly as in these groves, and with a quality of tone as sweet as if the songsters had first dipped their beaks within the dewy chalice of an opening rose. Many an evening I have sat for hours listening to their dulcet notes, which stir the heart and

EVENING ON LAKE COMO.

haunt the memory with their passionate ardor; while in the intervals between their nocturnes the silence has been broken only by the inarticulate murmur of the fountain or the soft lapping of the sleepless lake. How glorious are nights like these within the gardens of Lake Como, when blue meets blue, and lake and mountains blend in dreamy indistinctness, roofed by a heaven pulsating with stars! Or, when the harvest moon emerges from a jet-black mountain range, and — hanging like a full-blown yellow rose against the dark blue vault — trans-

forms the rippled water into gold! Then, in the rustling solitude, perchance a leaf falls shyly to the earth, to touch its wrinkled face with a caress; from some invisible boat there steals across the waves the wordless music of a plaintive song; the soft air trembles with the slow vibrations of a deep-toned bell, mellowed by distance to a golden chime; and, standing ghost-like, in an arbor of luxuriant foliage, the statue of a pensive faun seems to be one of the old gods, whose worship was the poetry of the world.

FOLIAGE AND FAUN.

The lover of the Larian lake who wishes to portray its numberless attractions lays down at last his brush or pencil in despair. How is it possible to convey an adequate notion of so sweet and wonderful a realm? To try to do so is like analyzing love. The reasons for one's admiration seem self-evident. We feel inclined to merely point to it with rapture, and exclaim: "Behold it! Is it not divine?"

Yet, if requested seriously to explain his ardor, one might

specifically mention certain qualities which make this daughter of the Alps appear to him the Queen of lakes. And, first, it is companionable; a lake to live with upon terms of friendliness; neither too large for intimate acquaintance, nor yet so small and shallow as to prove insipid. Its three divisions are like rivers, whose enchanting shores are always visible, yet far enough apart to keep intact that zone of fine reserve essential to abiding friendship. One learns to know its waterways, as a Venetian knows his Grand Canal; yet who can ever thoroughly explore the mysteries of these solemn mountains, or those stately palaces? It is not what we know, however, but what we want to know that usually makes us happiest; and in a place whose memories embrace millenniums there is so much to learn!

Lake Como is a storied lake, — a lovely garden, in which bloom the fadeless flowers of antiquity, exhaling the mysterious perfume of a vanished world. The spirit of old Rome still

A STORIED GARDEN BY A STORIED LAKE.

haunts it in the music of its classic tongue. One sails its waters everywhere companioned by the Past. At every turn one feels within his heart the thrill which centuries of history inspire. It has an afterglow of legend and mythology, like that which burns upon its mountains when the sun has sunk behind the western heights. Nor does its scenic beauty wane with time. Its wavelets chant the same soft monody that Pliny heard with

THE QUEEN OF LAKES.

pleasure eighteen centuries ago. Still through the morning hours steals the northern breeze ; and still toward sunset blows the "Breva" to the Alps, as when it filled the snowy sails of thousands who have gone. Yet in its steadfast changelessness Lake Como offers infinite variety. The robes of color which its mountains wear, — and even the wondrous blues and greens that stain its jeweled depths — are never quite the same. In summer, evening after evening, as the sun descends, the furrowed face of Monte Grigna is illumined by a light unequaled even in

COMPANIONED BY THE PAST.

the Dolomites —at first, a wraith-like pink which deepens slowly to a royal purple, and finally passes through a tender hue of ashes-of-roses to a violet shroud. Or, should the time be winter, there will often fall upon its snow-fields a supernal rosiness, so unsubstantial in its transient tinge, that Grigna, gleaming gloriously in the darkening sky, seems a celestial mountain of mirage. Lake Como also is a place for happy

MONTE GRIGNA, FROM THE TREMEZZINA.

solitude, serenity, and rest. Of course, on those still isolated in the active present, such features have no more effect than music falling on a deaf man's ears. Nor can it be expected that they should appeal to many in this age, when leisure seems synonymous with laziness, and speed with progress. One must concede, too, that there is a time for all things. A life of contemplation, for example, is not for the young. They must first earn their right to it. But what a precious boon it is, or ought to be, to those who, having reached the summit, look down upon the

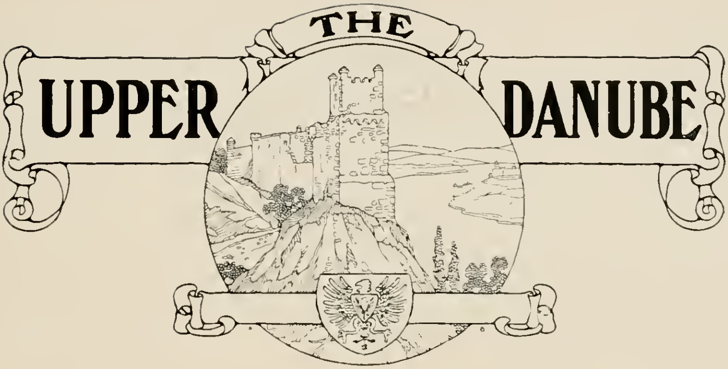
WHERE SILENCE IS A SOLACE, AND DREAMFUL REVERY A RAPTURE.

peaceful plains extending toward the setting sun! To such Lake Como is a paradise, — a place where silence is a solace, and dreamful revery a rapture; a spot to which the heart, when absent, fondly turns, as to a longed-for home, so much does it contain for every sympathetic soul to transmute into spiritual wealth. Those who have spent a few days only on its shores are prompt to give to some one point the palm for perfect beauty and attractiveness. But in proportion as one lingers here, discovering daily unexpected charms, the less is one disposed to make comparisons, preferring to apply to the whole Larian lake the fine old saying of the Moslem: He who goes forth, not knowing whither he goes, goes always to God's gate.

AGE AND INDUSTRY.

THE UPPER DANUBE

THE UPPER DANUBE



THE source of a great river, like the birthplace of a great man, is the threshold of a mystery. At each we ask ourselves the solemn questions: Whence and Whither? For what can we assert with confidence about the origin of either? And as for their conclusion, we know that sublimated water, lifted by the sun, falls on the hills again in rain, and once more flows from source to sea. But does the disembodied soul return in some new incarnation to its former habitat? How many anxious hearts await an answer to that question! Meanwhile we see that every life and river starts on its career in weakness. The helpless infant and the tiny stream are largely at the mercy of environment. A trifling

THE DANUBE'S EARLY HOME IN THE BLACK FOREST.

obstacle determines their entire course. An inequality of station, physical or social, may decide their destiny. Brooks, that have almost mingled in their infancy, descend from the same watershed to oceans sundered by a continent; and lives, originating at a common hearthstone, may forever separate, — one reaching finally the heights of fame and happiness, the other sinking to the depths of ignominy and despair. In the magnificent section of Europe, known as the Black Forest, tall pines clothe leagues of mountain slopes with changeless green, and woo the winds to summon from their tree-tops, as from countless organ-pipes, majestic symphonies of sound. Within this shadowy realm is a small town called Donau-Eschingen. It is a station on the picturesque "Black Forest Railway," which travelers who are well informed choose for their route between the Rhine and Switzerland. Wonderfully interesting and attractive is a journey on that path of steel, which twists and turns in sweeping serpentines through Baden's leafy temples. But such is now the potency of *Speed* in influencing tourists that even those who travel here think more of reaching some great terminus than of inspecting anything along the way. A few, however, are wise enough to leave the train at Donau-Eschingen, in order to observe at leisure the cradle of the Danube. All rivers are well born,

THE PALACE AT DONAU-ESCHINGEN.

and take their rise upon the heights, but few have such an aristocratic birthplace as this stream which Germans call the Donau. Its source is in a palace garden, and is the property of the Prince of Fürstenberg.

The sovereignty of this nobleman forms really an *imperium in imperio*, since his is one of those "mediatized" principalities of Germany, which still retain a nominal independence and a local government. Extraordinary also is the fact that, owing to the crowding of five different nationalities to gain a foothold on Lake Constance, the territory of this prince has been divided up among three separate Governments, — one part belonging to Baden, another to Würtemberg, and a third to Prussia. Moreover, since he is a descendant of the Austrian branch of the family, and owns immense estates in Bohemia, this prince is, logically and actually, at the same time an hereditary member of four distinct parliaments, — those of Austria, Prussia, Würtemberg, and Baden, and has a right to cast a vote in each of them. The future of this man will probably be a brilliant one. His progress will be well worth noting. A multi-millionaire, ardently patriotic, and a thorough sportsman, he is a very intimate friend of the German emperor, who, it is said, intends him for his future chancellor. Certain it is that he enjoys the confidence of William II. to a remarkable degree, and is

A POND IN THE PALACE GARDEN.

THE PATH TO THE DANUBE'S SOURCE.

well qualified to maintain the fine traditions of the Fürstenbergs, who have for many generations been distinguished both as gallant soldiers and sagacious statesmen.

The cradle of the Danube, on the Fürstenberg estate, is situated practically midway between church and palace — suggestive of the two great forces which have dominated Europe for so many centuries. There one beholds a handsome circular basin, eighty feet in circumference, partially filled with limpid water, bubbling up continually from the pavement of the curving reservoir. They err who think that Germans are devoid of sentiment. Beneath a Teuton's plain exterior lurks often genuine poetic feeling. A race so fond of music, natural scenery, and the fine arts could not be

RESIDENCE OF PRINCE FURSTENBERG AT DONAU-ESCHINGEN.

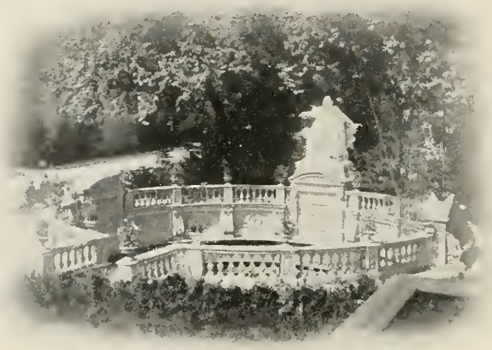
without it. Hence I was not surprised to find here an appropriate group of statuary, personifying charmingly the new-born stream. Still half supported by Germania, and seemingly reluctant to depart, the graceful Naiad of the river hesitates, despite her mother's gesture of farewell, and is unmindful that a tiny Triton at her feet blows merrily upon his horn, announcing that the time for starting has arrived. Holding with childish curiosity a shell, — fair emblem of the unknown ocean whither she must make her way, — she seems a perfect realization of the lines:

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

"STANDING WITH RELUCTANT FEET."

One fancies here that, if the statue of Germania could address her youthful offspring, it would be in words like these: My child, the hour has come for you to leave your cradle in the sheltering forest. A long life-journey lies before you. In length of course and magnitude of volume you will rank as Europe's second river. Only one other can in these respects surpass you, — the Russian Volga. Four hundred affluents will, one by one, pay tribute to you as their queen, and travel humbly in your train. You will behold magnificently varied scenery. Your banks will be adorned with castles, palaces, and churches, more beautiful than any which surround your early home. You will see splendid cities on your route, beside which Donau-Eschingen, however fine it looks to you to-day,

will sink to insignificance. The history of the lands through which you glide will have for you absorbing interest, and many different nationalities will link their destinies to yours. A fleet of ships and steamers will eventually float upon your bosom. Finally, closing a momentous course of nearly eighteen hundred miles, you will bring all the wealth and power of your grand maturity to the inevitable terminus of every stream, — the open sea. There even *your* strong individuality will be as wholly lost as that of any rivulet which may have shyly crept to you along your route, and been absorbed within your mighty flood. What may become of your disintegrated mass, when once ingulfed by the Black Sea, I cannot tell. Nor is it probable that you yourself will know. Yet it may be that some day your essential entity will once more pass in radiant clouds above this region of your birth. If you should thus return, remember that these dear old trees will faithfully stretch up their arms to you, to woo you downward from the heights. Be not unmindful of their welcome, but descend again to bless Germania. Now, Auf Wiedersehen!



THE CRADLE OF THE DANUBE

About two hundred feet from this, its source, the youthful river joins a little brook, known as the Brigach; and these, at a short distance farther on, find a third comrade in the Brege. On this account some challenge the correctness of the claim that the true origin of the Danube is the spring within the castle's courtyard. They say that, on the contrary, the Brigach

CHARACTERISTIC DANUBIAN SCENERY.

and the Brege are its real progenitors. Let us not press the point too closely. For my part, I prefer — if only on the ground of sentiment — to cast my vote in favor of the palace fountain. Moreover, it is said that both the Brigach and the Brege have once or twice run dry in times of drought, but that the rill which rises in the garden of Prince Fürstenberg has never failed.

The town of Tuttlingen, not many miles below the birthplace of the Danube, is famous from the fact that there once lived the author of the German national song, "The Watch on the Rhine." Strange, is it not, that those inspiring stanzas should have been composed by a mere youth of twenty-one, whose residence, after all, was not beside the Rhine, but by the Danube? Still stranger is the circumstance that, though the song was given to the world in 1840, the fire in its words lay

THE BRIGACH.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

smoldering, unobserved, for thirty years. Its origin is said to have been due to the attempt of the French statesman, Thiers, to have the Rhine acknowledged as the eastern boundary of France; but it was not till 1870 that its tremendous power was seen. Then suddenly it burst volcanically forth to thrill the heart of Germany; moved thousands to defend the glorious river of the Fatherland; and led unnumbered heroes to keep valiantly in life, and hallow by their death, their watch beside the Rhine. The writer of those lines, Max Schneckenburger, died at the age of thirty in obscurity. But now a monument at Tuttlingen commemorates his influence upon the nation; and if it be that dwellers on this earth can subsequently, from some other spiritual plane, perceive the progress of terrestrial events, his soul must have rejoiced to see the wonderful effect produced by his exhilarating words, as half a million soldiers sang upon the march, or by their bivouac fires, the stirring song, which in the English language may be rendered thus:

"Like thunder rings the call to war,
Like sabre-clang and billows' roar;
On to the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who will not fight to guard its line?
Dear Fatherland, all care resign,
For steadfast stands the Watch on Rhine.

"Through countless thousands thrills the cry,
And courage gleams from every eye;
The German, honest, pious, true,
Defends that sacred line of blue.

"He turns his eyes toward heaven's crown,
Whence heroes of the past look down,
And proudly vows: O Rhine, like me,
Thou shalt forever German be!

"While yet a drop of life-blood burns,
While yet one hand the sword-hilt turns,
While yet one arm a gun can aim,
No foeman's foot thy shore shall shame!

"The vow resounds, the flood mounts high,
The flags are waving in the sky;
Along the Rhine, the German Rhine,
We all will guard its sacred line!
Dear Fatherland, all care resign,
For steadfast stands the Watch on Rhine."

A song depends, however, so much on the music given it for success that it would be unjust to leave unmentioned the composer of the melody to which the "Wacht am Rhein" is sung. He was a music teacher and director, named Karl Wilhelm; and on the 11th of June, 1854, at the celebration of the silver wedding of the Prussian prince who afterward became the Emperor William I., this fortunate musician first brought out the words and music destined to acquire such world-wide fame. Nevertheless an-

HOUSE OF SCHNECKENBURGER, TUTTLINGEN.

THE MONUMENT TO SCHNECKENBURGER.

other interval of sixteen years was destined to elapse before the composition became widely known. More favored, however, than the poet, who had died in 1849, Karl Wilhelm lived to witness the prodigious influence exerted by his own and Schneckenburger's genius, and at the close of the Franco-Prussian War received not only the ovations of his countrymen, but also from the German Government an annual pension of a thousand thalers till his death.

The memory of Schneckenburger is not the only claim to eminence possessed by Tuttlingen. Commanding a high hill in the vicinity, and sharply outlined on the sky, stands the imposing castle of Honburg, one of the largest of those feudal

TUTTLINGEN AND THE CASTLE OF HONBURG

strongholds which grow increasingly numerous as the traveler descends the stream, but which are happily no longer able to impede his progress. It is to-day a ruin.

"No banner floats upon its keep,
No warders line its wall;
The shouts of war and wassail sleep
In Honburg's roofless hall;
The furze and lichen flourish wild
In Love's neglected bower,
And ruin frowns where beauty smiled
In Honburg's lofty tower."

With this huge mediæval fortress as an introduction, one soon discovers that the title, "Castle-bordered Danube," is as well deserved as "Castle-bordered Rhine." The age of feudalism ornamented both these streams with strongholds, occupied by robber-barons, who made the passers-by pay toll or tribute. In several instances their names are borne to-day by Lilliputian lords, who seem like pygmies in the clothes of giants. For they, with probably no more morality than had their predecessors, choose baccarat instead of brigandage, and haunt the bank of Monte Carlo rather than the river banks of their more candid ancestors. The men who built and lived with their retainers in these massive towers were virile plunderers at least — law-

A REMNANT OF FEUDAL DAYS.

less, no doubt, but brave. They also lacked — whatever else they may have had, — the modern swindler's smug hypocrisy. If they swooped down upon a passing ship or caravan, and forced it to contribute to their income, they did not preach next week in Sunday-school upon the art of gaining wealth by honest means. Even as I write these lines, I learn that a distinguished financier, who would not use a tram-car on the Sabbath, and scorned to read a Sunday newspaper, has, on the eve of his exposure as a felon, shot himself, and left behind him countless ruined homes and lives. In what way was this whited sepulchre superior to the fearless buccaneer of feudal times? And why should the accumulations of the latter be more scornfully condemned than many monster fortunes of the modern world, gained by immoral, heartless methods, masquerading in the garb of piety?

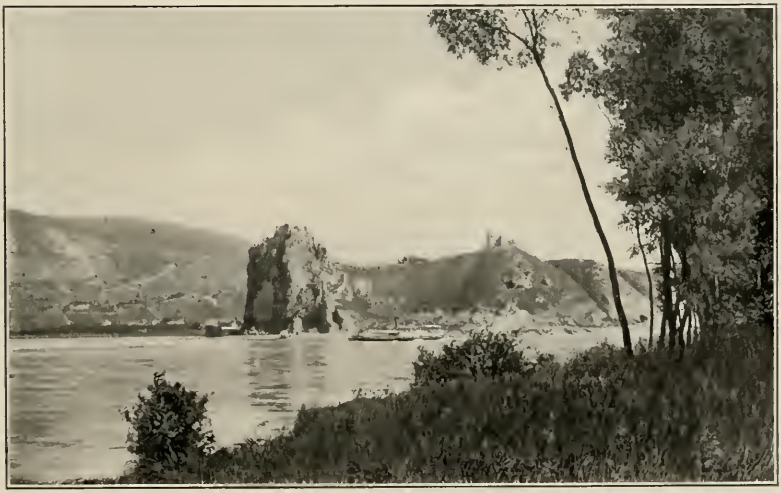
We think our ways are better
Than the cruel ways of old,
Till we see that men now fetter
Not with iron, but with gold;

AN ANCIENT STRONGHOLD ON THE DANUBE.

Till — our consciences upbraiding —
We perceive that ancient crimes
Were in some ways less degrading
Than the sins of modern times.

A great philosopher and thinker, at the close of his long life, wrote recently these words: "We are about to pass through evil days. Moral worth is depreciating. Self-sacrifice has almost disappeared."

In view of all the sickening revelations of rascality which have marked the opening of the present century, one feels that all the moral force remaining in society must speedily assert itself, or these prophetic words and gloomy apprehensions will be justified. But though the sun of humanity be temporarily clouded, our souls in their best moments cannot doubt that it will shine again, and that a day will come when, on the borders of the stream of time, the reputations of such plutocrats as have amassed their wealth by bribery, political corruption, and financial fraud shall lie as thoroughly demolished as these ruined castles, serving as warnings to all future navigators, and emblematic of an outgrown age.



FROM WAR TO PEACE.

ULM AND THE DANUBE.

In traveling down the Danube, should one pause to note attentively each interesting town and picturesque locality, a year would be required for the journey. But happily the art of sight-seeing, like that of living, consists in choosing wisely. For what indeed is life but the nice equipoise between selection and rejection? We can make no mistake, however, in halting at the first large city on the Danube's banks, — the ancient town of Ulm. Here the expanding stream, enlarged by the addition of the Blau and Iller, first becomes navigable for small steamers; and stone inscriptions of the second century, discovered near this point, prove that the Romans recognized the increased depth and power of the Danube here, and worshiped its divinity. So many prominent routes converge at Ulm, that its position is considered of immense strategic value, and would undoubtedly in time of war serve as the base of operations for a German army in the rear of the Black Forest. So strongly also is it fortified

ULM, FROM THE NORTH.

OLD HOUSES, ULM.

that we may feel quite sure the world will never see repeated here the ignominious scene, when General Mack, in 1805, surrendered to Napoleon the citadel of Ulm, together with thirty thousand men, — the flower of the Austrian army. Napoleon had again employed the strategy of Marengo; only this time, instead of toiling over the Saint Bernard, to fall upon his unsuspecting enemies in Italy, he had with unexpected swiftness crossed the Rhine, and, sweeping southward to the Danube, cut off all the Austrian forces from Vienna. It was after the campaign which opened with this brilliant stroke at Ulm, and ended with the overwhelming victory at Austerlitz, that the Tsar Alexander said to his disheartened Austrian ally: "Truly in fighting with that man we are all children assailing a giant."

The glory of Ulm is its cathedral, whose stately spire is discernible at a distance of some miles. Begun in 1377 and left unfinished during many generations, it was at last completed in 1890, and is, with the exception of the cathedral at Cologne, the largest Gothic church in Germany. Its principal, richly sculptured tower, which has a height of five hundred and twenty-eight feet, and therefore lacks but twenty-seven feet of rivaling the Washington Monument, is of course one of the loftiest structures in the world. Even the organ of this spacious minster, furnished

THE CATHEDRAL TOWERS.

with one hundred stops, outranks in size all others in the Fatherland. Yet quality has not here been sacrificed to quantity. There are few finer specimens of stonework in existence than are found in parts of its exterior; and its long rows of choir stalls, within, and their elaborate busts of sculptured oak, are in their way no less remarkable. The exquisitely carved ciborium, also, ninety-three feet high, shows what consummate skill, combined with love and patience, could achieve half a millennium ago. Yet, though originally designed to hold the Eucharist, this masterpiece is used no longer for that purpose, since the cathedral is at present in the hands of Protestants. I hope to be acquitted of intolerance if I say that such an edifice seems properly to belong to the old section of the Church which reared it. The age which planned its grand proportions, and raised its graceful shafts so fearlessly toward heaven, was one of spiritual aspiration and a simple faith, yet of a rich, imposing ceremonial. The men who filled these storied windows with their irisated glass, through which has streamed the garnered sunlight of five hundred years, were pious souls who questioned nothing, and rejoiced to symbolize in art the mysteries which they adored. Hence, any form of worship, other than the solemn pageants of those early days, appears unsuited to so grand a background. I chose

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

to see it, therefore, when there was no service there, and I could study it merely as a work of art, — a mausoleum of departed ritual. Even as such, apart from all considerations of religion, it is a wonderfully impressive sanctuary. Its space and silence elevate the soul. So vast are its dimensions, that at times it seems almost a work of nature, rather than of man; and as the gaze ascends its clustered columns to the interlacing arches, well-nigh lost in gloom, one feels that the material is merging into the spiritual, and the sublimely finite mingling with the infinite.

It is a pleasure to go rambling through the narrow, crooked streets of Ulm. Fewer and fewer grow such streets and buildings, even in the Fatherland. Yet it is in such places and in presence of such architecture only that we understand the life and character of mediæval Germany. Among these quaint, old structures, for example, we can better comprehend why the peculiar guild of German bards, called Meistersingers, lingered here longer than in towns which earlier caught the modern spirit. Of their immediate predecessors, the more famous Minnesingers, considerable mention has been made in a former volume of this series, with special reference to the first and last of the Tyrolean troubadours, — Walther von der Vogelweide

THE CIBORIUM

and Oswald von Wolkenstein. The Meistersingers were usually plebeian poets. Their compositions were, indeed, continuations of the minnesongs, but less poetically graceful and spontaneous. The most illustrious of the order, Hans Sachs, who in the early part of the sixteenth century played a prominent rôle in Nuremberg, is — as all music-lovers know — the hero of Wagner's noble opera, "Die Meistersinger." Sachs was a shoemaker, and almost all his fellow-bards had similar employ-

IN THE HEART OF ULM.

ments, and used their hours of recreation only for the art of song. Yet, though their interest was thus divided, and though their combination into guilds and schools led to a loss of individual initiative, and made their style of rhyme and metre rigid and conventual, they nevertheless remained the principal representatives of German poetry for two centuries, and actually preserved through several generations, without text or notes, the learning and traditions of their craft. The last assembly of the Meistersingers of Nuremberg occurred in 1770; but here

in Ulm the order lingered on till 1839. Then the last few survivors formally assigned the property and insignia of their association to a modern singing society, and with pathetic resignation bade the musical and literary world farewell.

The legends of the Danube lend a charm to scores of crumbling castles and romantic cliffs, as tinted clouds — the glorified transfigurations of the river's mists — diffuse a tender light on stream and shore. They are as numerous as those associated with the Rhine; and if one tests the respective merits of the best known, representative myths of the two rivers, one often finds the Danube's fanciful creations much the more poetical. The Rhine, for example, has for its most characteristic mythological entity the Lorelei.

HANS SACHS, THE MEISTERSINGER.

The Danube's waters give to us Undine. One is an evil creature, whose enchanting beauty and sweet song lure hapless mariners to their destruction. The other is a virgin water-nymph, of lovely disposition and gentlest nature, who by her marriage with a man receives a soul. The former is a repetition of the story of the sirens who beguiled Ulysses. The latter ranks among the subtlest conceptions that fanciful reflection ever has

UNDINE. RYLAND.

evolved. Every one knows the story of Undine, written by the popular German author, De La Motte Fouqué, in 1811. It was his masterpiece, and has become a classic, secure of its position in the court of literature for all time. Such is its beautiful simplicity that it adapts itself easily to translation, and hence can now be read in probably every language of the civilized world. Near Rathenau in northern Germany still stands the handsome castle of Nennhausen, where Fouqué lived for years; and a mysterious fountain, over which the house was built, is said to have suggested to him one of the strange features of his romance. The plot of the legend rests upon the superstition that the mortal who has married an Undine must never take her on the water; and, above all, if rash enough to do so, must never speak to her, while there, an unkind word. Else will her kindred summon her imperatively to rejoin them, and she will disappear forever in her native

UNDINE PROPERTY OF PRINCESS SALM-SALM, KARLSRUHE.

element. Alas! the entreaties of Undine, never to be harsh to her upon the river, were forgotten. Under the fascination of another woman, the knight reproached his unoffending wife, and cursed her kindred, until Undine, weeping like a child, slipped from the barge, and vanished in the Danube's waves. Only the water — rippling, as if sobbing — whispered round the boat: "Alas! what have you done? Still, remain true, at least, that I may keep the vengeful water deities from harming you. Farewell, sweet friend, farewell!" What vistas of psychology are opened up by this suggestive legend! The new soul-revelation given to a maiden, when she weds the man she loves; the danger of her husband's bringing her to old associations, where they cannot dwell in harmony; the tragedy of harshness; and the fatal word which thenceforth is the master of their destinies; and then, the vanishing of joy, the writing of their vows and promises in water,

FOUNTAIN OF UNDINE AT BADEN, NEAR VIENNA.

THE RIVER OF UNDINE.

the everlasting separation, and the long remorse — how much of life is hidden in this allegory! The story of Undine is, as we have seen, Danubian, and the "imperial city," which the lovers visited, seems to have been Ulm; but the particular castle where the knight resided, the spot where poor Undine sank into the stream, and the sweet brooklet in the guise of which she came again to render fresh and beautiful her husband's grave — all these can never be identified. 'Tis better so. The beauty of the myth should not be brought too closely down to earth. Apart from time and place, the truth embodied there will live enduringly, wherever love shall find, and lose, its own.

Like different colored jewels in an outstretched necklace, innumerable points of interest follow one another in the Danube's course — some famous for their architectural grandeur, some for natural beauty, and others full of inspiration from the history which they recall. It is these last which give the mighty flood that subtle *human* element that ultimately lingers in our recollection as its greatest charm.

All rivers, howsoever rich in scenery, would grow in time monotonous, could one discover on their banks no trace of man's achievements. A week upon the Amazon, when once the novelty of tropical surroundings has been lost, is hardly worth a day upon the Danube. For, as

"The little pool in street or field apart
Glasses the heavens and the rushing storm,"

so any spot, however small and poor, becomes transfigured when associated with heroic deeds, and may endear itself to millions. Such thoughts occurred to me, when halting for the night in the comparatively unimportant town of Neuburg, fifty miles from Ulm. Its situation, it is true, is picturesque, and its enormous castle, now used largely as a barrack, built upon a terrace just above the curving river, is imposing. Still, I should not have thought of lingering there but for the fact that I could drive thence easily on the morrow to the battlefield of Oberhausen, where La Tour d'Auvergne, the best-loved grenadier of France, was killed. This soldier was conspicuous even in that age of heroes — a veritable *primus inter primos;* and as commander of the company, known from the volcanic character of its attacks as the "Infernal Column," acquired such a reputation that his

NEUBURG ON THE DANUBE.

OBERHAUSEN AND THE BATTLEFIELD.

promotion to the rank of general would have been assured had not D'Auvergne preferred the purely honorable title, — "First Grenadier of the Republic." Although compelled by failing health to leave the service, he nevertheless resolved to take the place of the last son of an old friend, who had been drawn as a conscript, and once more set out for the army of the Danube carrying the musket and the knapsack of an ordinary grenadier. Here, on the 27th of June, 1800, he fell in an engagement with the Austrians, fighting bravely with his gallant troops. Such was the admiration for him in the ranks, that the drums of the regiment were for three days hung with crape, and his embalmed heart was thereafter carried into battle by his soldiers in a silver vase, as that of Bruce had been borne into con-

LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE GOES TO WAR AGAIN AS SUBSTITUTE FOR HIS FRIEND'S ONLY SON

THE DEATH OF LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE.

flict by his Scottish warriors, centuries before. His sword was also hung in the famous church of the Invalides in Paris; and Bonaparte — a master in the art of kindling the imagination of his followers — gave orders that from that time on, whenever the roll of his brave company was called, La Tour d'Auvergne should be commanded to appear; in answer to which summons the oldest sergeant was to step forth and, saluting, make the following reply: "Dead on the Field of Honor!"

MONUMENT TO LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE AT OBERHAUSEN.

"'Nay, heed not me,' the hero cried,
And faintly waved his hand;
'Back to the charge! till Austria's pride
Be prostrate on the strand!
Cherish my fame, avenge my death;
To-day your laurels earn!
Glory survives the loss of breath!'
So died the brave D'Auvergne."

Not far from this historic site, the traveler on the Danube comes into a region rich in reminiscences, suggested by memorials of an older past. Few strangers visit it. For, since the regular tourist steamboat-service does not begin until a hundred miles below, at Passau, the Upper Danube is to many continental visitors unknown. Yet one can easily reach this portion of the stream by rail; and after taking clean, if not luxurious, lodgings in the little inn at Kelheim, can be conveyed from one attractive point in the neighborhood to another by competent

and careful boatmen. In pleasant weather in the spring or autumn this mode of travel is enchanting. I know of nothing on the Rhine to equal it, because the latter river has become so thoroughly commercialized that steamers, rafts, and long flotillas make of it a crowded thoroughfare. The Danube, on the contrary, has much less traffic; and in the place to which I now allude one's rowboat floats apparently upon a mountain lake. The scenery can have scarcely changed since Trajan stood upon these

HISTORIC SHORES.

shores. Huge bluffs, four hundred feet in height, have saved the banks from exploitation, and immemorial forests clothe for miles the storied hills. On entering this section of the Danube, one feels not only the dark shadow of the sombre cliffs, but also the effect of that still vaster, spiritual shadow, cast by the Roman eagle when its mighty wings, stretched to their utmost limit, overspread the world. In fact, from this point on, reminders of the Romans rise like beacon lights along the Danube's waves. Thus, close by a diminutive village, now called Eining, have

been unearthed extensive ruins, which prove to be the remains of Abusina — the most important station of the empire on this frontier. It was the meeting place of several roads, built to connect the countries of the Rhine and Danube after the victories of Drusus, fifteen years before the Christian era. Trajan particularly strengthened it at the close of the first century. Indeed, memorials of this emperor are to be found in many places on the borders of the Danube, even as far east as

ROMAN RUINS AT ABUSINA.

Servia and Bulgaria, reminding us of his supremely difficult, but finally successful, conquest of the Dacians, the most enduring monument of which is the imposing column — girdled with two thousand five hundred figures in relief — still towering far above the site of Trajan's Forum in the Eternal City. None of the Roman fortresses upon the Danube seems to have been more highly prized than this at Abusina; for, amid all the fluctuating fortunes of repeated wars between the Romans and Germans, it was, with but three interruptions, held by the

empire for four hundred years, till finally the last of the Danubian garrisons was withdrawn to meet the host of Alaric in Italy. One of the most remarkable proofs of Rome's prodigious energy is here seen in the traces of the ancient wall, which, starting from this point, extended in one long, unbroken mass over all intervening mountains, hills, and valleys for a distance of three hundred and sixty miles, to Neuweid on the Rhine! Every one knows of the similar rampart built by the Romans in the north of England; but this far longer and more difficult barrier is little spoken of save in scientific circles. I shall not soon forget my admiration and astonishment when I realized its audacious magnitude. Its height is estimated to have been from twelve to eighteen feet, according to the country's needs, and it was guarded not alone by watch-towers, built at regular intervals, but also by a moat originally lined with palisades. Behind it ran a military road, on which were castles, block-houses, and barracks, more than one thousand of which have been identified. Moreover, since this was a very vulnerable part of the great empire, the entire boundary

TRAJAN'S COLUMN IN ROME.

was patrolled by troops, continually on the alert against their wily foes. In fact, the region around Eining, including the adjacent site of an old stronghold, afterward converted into the monastery of Weltenburg, served as the principal base for operations against Germany, and to this outpost Roman fleets came up the river frequently to render aid. One sometimes thinks of the old Roman world as wholly given over to debauchery and cruelty; and certainly within the palace of the Cæsars and in

MONASTERY OF WELTENBURG, THE SITE OF A ROMAN STRONGHOLD.

some large cities this was often true. But while a few of the world's rulers at that time were cruel and depraved, some of the wearers of the purple rank among the noblest and most energetic of mankind. Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, for example, have, for certain qualities, hardly been surpassed in history. Yet both these emperors fought beside the Danube, and the latter died there. It must have taken a strong character to renounce the luxuries of Rome, with all that absolute power could procure upon the Palatine, and to endure for years, as

A ROMAN HORSEMAN.

many of those leaders did, the dangers and discomforts of these savage wilds. For we must not forget that the vast territory, now divided into Austria, Bavaria, Hungary, and the Tyrōl, was not then the explored and traversable country that it is to-day. Unknown and half-impenetrable swamps and forests covered thousands of square miles; the mountains were appalling in their sullen gloom; no proper roads existed; the streams were practically bridgeless; and the whole vast expanse swarmed with courageous warriors, against whom Roman legionaries had to fight, not with the scientific weapons of the moderns, whose Mauser rifles and machine guns mow down at a distance relatively unarmed natives, but man to man, and hand to hand. Yet in the face of such stupendous obstacles they not alone subdued the warlike tribes, but laid throughout these subju-

BASE OF AN OLD ROMAN TOWER, NEAR THE DANUBE.

gated wildernesses a network of those splendid roads which form the skeleton of modern Europe, establishing along them also for enormous distances forts, camps, and colonies at hundreds of strategic points.

Singularly enough, however, in this same cliff-lined portion of the Danube we find a modern engineering triumph, not unworthy of the Romans. Before arriving here, had any one asked me if a boat could pass through a continuous waterway

THE DANUBE, NEAR KELHEIM.

from the terminus of the Danube in the Black Sea to the Hook of Holland, nearly three thousand miles away, I should have promptly answered in the negative. Yet such is actually the case, the passage through the centre of the continent being effected largely by the Ludwig Canal, completed here in 1845 by the enterprising king of Bavaria, Ludwig I. Beginning at Kelheim on the Danube, it traverses Bavaria northward for one hundred and sixteen miles to Bramberg on the

Main; and since the latter river joins the Rhine at Mainz, there is established thus direct communication between one end of Europe and the other. The idea of this long, connecting link between the North Sea and the Euxine is magnificent; but, as a matter of fact, the work has not proved the success which was anticipated. It suffers from too many narrow locks, and is in all respects too small to be a serious rival to the numerous railway lines, built since the date of its construction.

The confluence of two rivers, even in a wilderness, forms always a conspicuous landmark, and in a civilized country plays a prominent part in its development. Strategic or commercial reasons lead inevitably to the founding there of fortress or of settlement, each destined to become a kind of loom, on which are woven infinitely varied threads of individual and collective lives, whose mingled patterns ultimately form vast tapestries of civic history or golden-tissued veils of legend and romance. Each affluent of the Danube, therefore, brings to it not only an increase of volume, but also makes with it

REGENSBURG.

a nucleus for countless human struggles, failures, and achievements. Nowhere is this more evident than at the spot where, at the union of the Regen with the Danube, lies the historic town of Regensburg, called by the French and English Ratisbon. Quite early in the Christian era this became a frontier fortress of the empire, known as Castra Regina, and many a Cæsarian legion had its station here on what was then the edge of the barbaric world. Few Roman relics now remain in Regensburg; but its stone bridge, eleven hundred feet in length and built eight centuries ago, reminds us of the city's golden age, when it held rank among the richest and most influential capitals of Germany. There is a proverb to the effect that of all German bridges that of Dresden is the handsomest, that of Prague the longest, and that of Regensburg the strongest. The last is certainly the highest praise, and doubtless this substantial structure symbolized the sturdy character of those who built it. It is not only in the Orient and on the Mediterranean littoral that one finds evidences of departed glory. Northern and central Europe also furnish

THE BRIDGE

many pictures of decadence. The grass is growing in the streets of Bruges; Augsburg and Nuremberg, while still attractive, are but shadows of their former selves; and Regensburg, although to-day a fairly prosperous Bavarian city of forty thousand inhabitants, is nothing in comparison with what it was from the eleventh to the fifteenth century. For then the path of commerce between central Europe and the Orient coincided with the Danube, and trading vessels from the Black Sea went and came along its current, while from this city, as a great distributing market, goods which had lately left the Euxine or the Bosphorus, were carried by a score of lesser streams, or over inland highways, through the rest of Europe.

ROMAN TOWER, REGENSBURG.

It is not, therefore, strange that Regensburg became a most important feature of the "Holy Roman Empire" of Germany, and that from 1663 to 1806 all the great federative parliaments of that empire, known as Diets, were held within its massive Council Hall, still standing there to-day. Such legislative meetings were regarded then with a solemnity befitting their prodigious power. Before the eyes of all participants in them was displayed this warning: "Whoever thou art, who

enterest this court as Senator to sit in judgment, lay aside in presence of thine office every private motive, — anger, violence, hatred, friendship, and flattery, — and give thy whole attention to the public good. For, as thou shalt here be just or unjust in thy judgment of others, so must thou, too, expect to endure the judgment of God."

This Council Hall is not the only relic of the brilliant age of Regensburg. In one of its old thoroughfares, still called the Street of the Ambassadors, are several buildings which, though gloomy and neglected, retain suggestions of the days when members of the Imperial Diet lodged within their stately rooms: foremost of all, the seven Grand Electors, whose privilege it was to choose the emperor; then all the representative princes, temporal and spiritual, of the realm; and finally the delegates from Germany's "Free Imperial Cities," of which Regensburg was one. Here, too, Napoleon's sword, in carving out new boundaries for European kingdoms, made several deep incisions. Thus it was here, in 1806, that having incorporated under his protectorate all that remained of Germany outside the limits of a much-diminished

THE COUNCIL HALL.

A WINDOW IN THE COUNCIL HALL.

Austria and Prussia, Napoleon compelled the emperor Francis to renounce his sovereignty of the Holy Roman Empire, and to assume the title only of Emperor of Austria. Hence, it was in the Council Hall of Regensburg that the great German Empire, which had existed since the time of Charlemagne, and boasted therefore of a full millennium of history, ingloriously ended; to be revived, however, under a new form sixty-five years later through the energy and genius of Bismarck and Von Moltke. Then the astonished world beheld, under the leadership of Prussia, in the brilliant palace of Versailles, the proclamation of the present empire of Germany, made possible only through the federative union of all German principalities and kingdoms, Austria excepted. Another incident of Bonaparte in this connection is worthy of remembrance here; for of his victory at Regensburg, in 1809, he ever after bore a disagreeable sou-

NAPOLEON WOUNDED AT REGENSBURG.

venir in the scar left by an Austrian bullet on his foot. What a charmed life that extraordinary man possessed! For, though repeatedly exposed to all the accidents of war from the beginning to the end of his career, this soldier, who had commanded in eighty-five pitched battles and six hundred skirmishes, was never seriously injured, the unimportant wound at Regensburg being one of the most severe!

Of course there is a noble mediæval cathedral here, for this old city was the principal point

PROCLAMATION OF THE MODERN GERMAN EMPIRE AT VERSAILLES, 1871.

from which Christianity spread out over southern Germany, and from its portals thousands of Crusaders started for the Holy Land. This fact is still commemorated by an old-time ballad, whose opening lines relate:

> "There came a bold Crusader
> With fifty harnessed men,
> And he embarked at Ratisbon
> To fight the Saracen."

If there were not so many cathedrals in the Old World, the traveler would be more impressed by them. Like many famous paintings in a single gallery, they suffer from the fact that those who come to them are often wearied by a previous contemplation of their rivals. The writer will not, therefore, here describe the numerous points of beauty in this edifice, since it has fallen to his lot to write of many similar architectural triumphs of the Age of Faith. Yet his deliberate reticence in this respect is not due to his failure either to appreciate the rich, elaborate carvings in its soft gray stone, or to experience, in gazing upward at its lofty roof and glorious stained windows, a sense of satisfaction and repose which lingers like a benediction in his memory. Suffice it here to say that, quite apart from architectural and religious reasons, I do not know a better place for serious meditation on the history of any mediæval city of renown than its cathedral — the sanctuary of its holiest aspirations for so many centuries. To leave the noisy streets for its cool, hushed interior, and there to sit in silence, reading and musing on the lives and deeds which made that city famous, is one of the most valuable means of mental growth and spiritual culture. Yet how few give themselves the privilege of such retirement and contemplation! And of the few who fain would do so, how many are hampered by a "party," some of whose members are

THE WELL IN THE CATHEDRAL.

THE NAVE OF THE REGENSBURG CATHEDRAL.

as restless as they are irreverent, and have no more conception of the blessedness of thought in such a sculptured solitude than of the customs on the planet Mars!

Hence, only when alone, or with, at most, one perfectly congenial friend, should one thus use a great cathedral. Unfortunately, however, most tourists are now in too much haste for proper observation on their travels, not to speak of meditation! "Give me a list of all that I must absolutely see in Switzerland and Italy," recently exclaimed one of the rapidly increasing class of frivolous visitors to the Old World, "so that, when those are once checked off, I can return as soon as possible to . . . Paris!" It is related of the philosopher, Schopenhauer, that every day for years he laid beside his plate at dinner a gold piece, destined for some charity the first time he should hear a sensible remark from any of the officers eating at his hotel table. I often wonder whether a similar gold piece would not wait as long unclaimed, were one to make the gift of it dependent on discovering an American, who, unless actually ill, was not in Europe "pressed for time," and in a hurry to move on. This motor-like rapidity in sight-seeing is not always the result of lack of appreciation. It is caused principally by that national fever of incessant restlessness, known as "Americanitis," augmented by the fact that many of those who come to Europe fail to realize the enormous amount of scenic, artistic, and

THE PORTAL OF THE CATHEDRAL.

historic treasures contained within a geographical area which seems to them comparatively small. Hence they attempt to cover too much space in insufficient time; for many of the lesser towns are so replete with interesting and instructive features, that to ignore them would be folly. In the immediate neighborhood of Regensburg, for example, there stands a structure of great beauty and historical significance, which scarce a hundred English and Americans visit annually, yet which really ranks among the finest architectural achievements of the modern world. This edifice, known as the Walhalla, crowns an imposing bluff, which rises from the Danube in a series of receding terraces. Upon the loftiest of these, two hundred and eighty feet above the river, the noble building glitters in the sun. Constructed in pure

AN OLD DOORWAY, REGENSBURG.

THE WALHALLA AND THE DANUBE.

Doric style in imitation of the Parthenon, this marble temple is a vast Teutonic Hall of Fame, erected here, in 1842, by Ludwig I. of Bavaria, assisted by the genius of the celebrated architect Klenze. Its name recalls the legendary "Hall of the Chosen," in old Scandinavian mythology, where Odin welcomed to his banquets all the warriors who, having fallen bravely on the field of battle, were brought by the Valkyries to that northern paradise. Thus somewhat similarly did the founder of this building plan to introduce within its walls statues and busts of all the sons and daughters of the Fatherland who had contributed either

THE SOUTHERN APPROACH TO THE WALHALLA.

directly to the welfare of their country or to the general progress of mankind. Not without rigid scrutiny, however, are they admitted to these sacred precincts. For in the temple's vaults is an apartment, called the Hall of Expectation, where busts of the most recent of distinguished applicants are placed, until their right to representation in the intellectual pantheon above shall have been proven by the test of time. The exterior of the Walhalla is characterized by the sublime simplicity of the antique. It therefore leaves upon the mind an ineffaceable impression of repose and strength. The motif of the entire

BUST OF GOETHE.

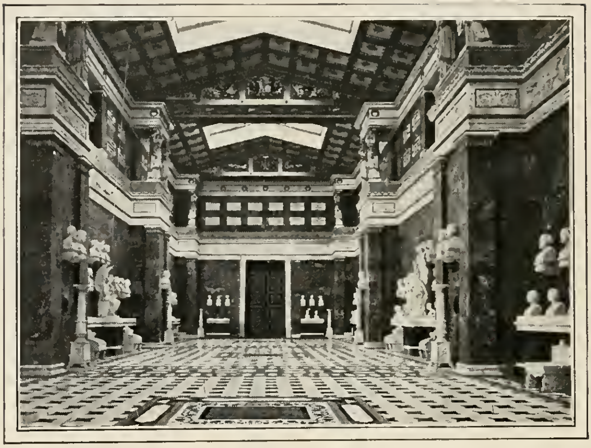
structure is lofty patriotism and legitimate hero-worship. Upon the northern pediment a group in high relief portrays the old Germanic chieftain, Herrmann, — or Arminius, as the Romans called him, — in his desperate struggle with Rome's legions in the ninth year of the Christian era, when he annihilated the imperial troops, drove their commander, Varus, to find death by suicide, and freed the country of its would-be conquerors. It was this terrible disaster to the Roman arms that caused the well-known lamentation of Augustus: "O Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!" The German nation is not slow to recognize the virtues of its heroes, and certainly this brave defender of Teutonic liberty has not been forgotten. For not alone does the Walhalla thus perpetuate his fame, but many plays and poems in the German tongue preserve his memory to millions. More-

THE NORTHERN FRONT.

over, on the impressive site of the battle itself, near Detmold, on the river Werra, there rises from the Teutoberger Forest a monster statue of Arminius, entirely made of hammered copper, and measuring one hundred and eighty-six feet from the base of the pedestal to the tip of the uplifted sword!

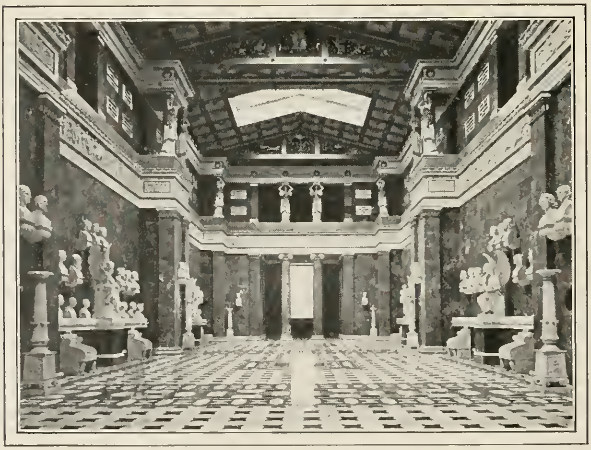
If the exterior of the Walhalla is severe in its simplicity, the interior is by contrast all the more magnificent. A glittering floor of inlaid marble stretches from the entrance to the opposite wall, two hundred and fifty feet away. Surmounting this, a richly gilded roof, sixty-three feet in height, is upheld by imposing statues of the mythical Valkyries. Beneath them the entire hall is bordered by a sculptured frieze, which typifies the progress of the German race; while over this are many marble tablets, on which in gilded letters gleam the names of those whom Germany delights to honor, yet of whom no authentic likeness could be found. Below these ranged in beautiful relief against resplendent walls of polished marble are busts of famous benefactors of the race, arrayed in chronological order, so that by no possibility could partiality decide their places. These busts already number more than one hundred, and represent such varied types of genius as Kepler, Gutenberg, Luther, Albrecht Dürer, Beethoven, Mozart, Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Kant, and

STATUE OF ARMINIUS IN THE TEUTOBERGER FOREST.



THE INTERIOR, LOOKING SOUTH.

Humboldt. Kings, as a rule, are here conspicuous by their absence, save as they stood for something more than royalty. It is true, the bust of Frederick the Great enjoys an honored place; but, aside from his unquestionable achievements, he merited perhaps a representation here for his remarkable declaration: "Kings are the first servants of the State." Among these portraits of illustrious men six noble statues by the sculptor, Rauch, are also worthy of especial admiration, portraying wingèd Victories, which in distinctly dignified yet graceful attitudes extend their wreaths of fame and crowns of immortality.



THE INTERIOR, LOOKING NORTH.

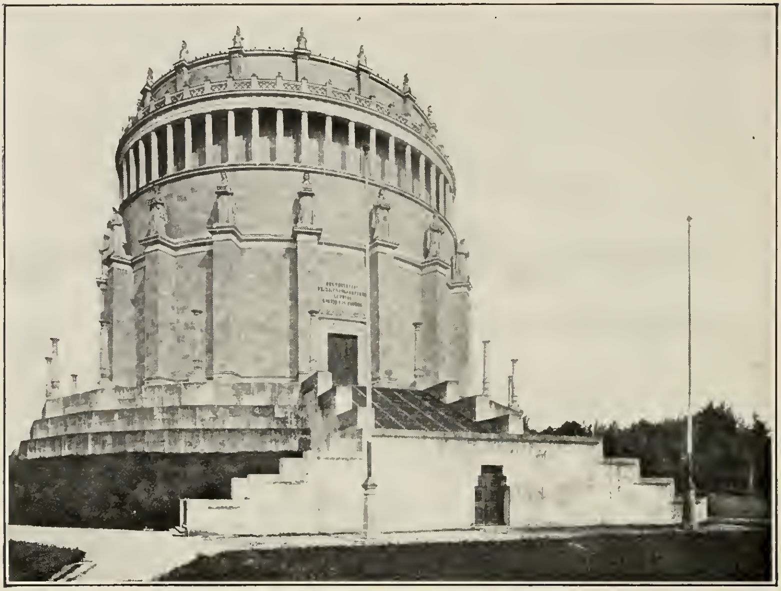
In looking round this spacious hall, one feels, a little sadly, that there is probably ample room for all who shall

deserve memorial here for several centuries. Men of sufficient greatness to obtain admission to this Court of the Immortals are rare in any nation; and in the German Fatherland, as elsewhere, the appeal goes forth:

> "God give us men! A time like this demands
> Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
> Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
> Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
> Men who possess opinions and a will;
> Men who have honor, men who will not lie."

Yet, not content with this magnificent Walhalla, as a source of inspiration to his people, King Ludwig I., a few years after its construction, caused still another edifice to be erected on a loftier height above the Danube, fourteen miles from Regensburg. This structure, in the form of a rotunda one hundred and ninety-one feet in altitude, is scarcely less imposing than its predecessor, and is designed to keep forever in the national

THE HALL OF LIBERATION, ABOVE THE DANUBE.



THE HALL OF LIBERATION.

mind one grand, specific episode in history, — the War for German Independence in the struggle with Napoleon. Accordingly, the inauguration of this "Hall of Liberation" took place, in 1863, upon the fiftieth anniversary of the "Battle of Nations" at Leipzig, whence the "sublime adventurer" began his slow retreat from German soil. Within the glittering mosaic pavement, therefore, of this solemn shrine, encircled by a multitude of wingèd ministrants of fame, have been inscribed these stirring words: "May Germans never forget what a struggle for freedom necessitates, and by what means it is gloriously won!"

But why, it may be asked, was so much money spent upon mere Halls of Fame? That is a question prompted by the spirit which recoiled in horror, when Mary Magdalen poured out the precious spikenard on her Saviour's head. "To what purpose is this waste?" it was objected; "this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor." Yet, to-day,

wherever the gospel is preached, that story of the Magdalen is told as a memorial of her. Money expended in the preservation of ideals is never wasted. In one sense the chief value of these costly edifices lies in the fact that they are *not* "useful." Their generous appeal to the national soul of Germany is a fine protest against measuring values and results by money standards only. It marks a victory in the ever increasing conflict between æstheticism and commercialism; between the rival claims of beauty and business; between the spirit that preserves Niagara and that which seeks to drain away its glorious waters into hideous factories. Inspiring buildings such as these, thrown open daily to the public, do more to call forth reverence for lofty character and noble deeds than scores of structures reared for strictly "practical" purposes. Well would it be for a young man, whose chief ideal is the ignoble one of quickly heaping up a mighty fortune, to tread these halls, in which not one of those whose sculptured lineaments confront him was distinguished for his wealth. Mankind would be the better for the erection of a number of such temples, devoted to what might be called, in a commercial sense, *the worship of the useless*. Upon their walls, among the busts and statues of the world's great teachers and philanthropists, should be portrayed in words, or by pictorial and sculptured art, ideals

THE INTERIOR.

which offer no pecuniary reward, but on the contrary demand for their attainment self-denial and economy. There men should learn the blessedness of money-giving, rather than of money-getting. There myriads of weary toilers, whose dull, sterile lives have been devoid of intellectual enjoyment, should be convinced that well-used leisure and soul-culture in the afternoon of life may rightly form the aim of every man who has accumulated for himself and family a reasonable competence. Moreover, as a preparation for those profitable years of calm retirement, they should be led to know from personal experience the exaltation of the soul, which comes not only from the perusal of the finest literature, but also from the ministry of Nature, through the songs of birds, the rapture of the brook in its glad journey to the sea, the music of the wind-swept pines, the aromatic odors of the forest, the solemn grandeur of the mountains, and the limitless expanse of ocean's blue. Then would the world be spared the present melancholy sight of haggard men absorbed in merely adding to their bank accounts; and that of gray-haired slaves of self-indulgent families, still struggling in the whirlpool of commercialism, that sons may waste their patrimony, and wives and daughters lavishly outdo their social rivals. Within these temples should be also taught a cult of knightly conduct and manly courtesy, to counteract the selfishness and cynicism of our rush

ONE OF THE VICTORIES.

for wealth and ostentation. Above their portals might be fittingly inscribed the motto, "Noblesse oblige"; yet the nobility referred to should be that of character alone. There poetry should precede plutocracy, and education should aim principally to inspire love and admiration for plain living and high thinking. If, in the future, there awaits humanity a Golden Age, it will arrive when men shall deem a golden dollar of less value than a golden sunset, and both of less impor-

AWAITING THE HERO.

BESTOWING THE WREATH.

tance than the Golden Rule. A spirit of devotion to the best ideals made the Greeks our masters. That spirit we must also gain, unless we are to see our over-vaunted civilization rush itself to ruin, and our competitive strenuousness end in sanitariums.

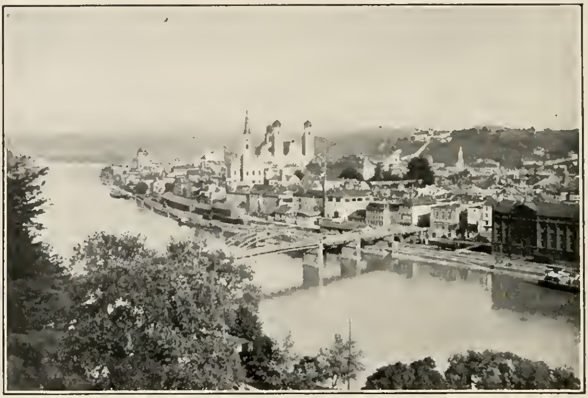
A river's progress, like a human life, is marked by crises which decide its destiny. Such an important turning-point in the Danube's history presents itself at Passau, near the Austrian fron-

tier. The situation is superb, the scenery imposing. Passau itself resembles in its form a miniature New York, in that it lies upon a narrow tongue of land, washed by two noble rivers. On one side comes the Inn triumphantly from Switzerland, Bavaria, and the Tyrōl. Along the other sweeps the steady current of the Danube, rich in its reminiscences of the Black Forest and the Swabian lands. Both rapidly converge toward Passau's terminating point, which corresponds thus to the New York "Battery." The site of Passau is, however, far smaller than Manhattan Island. Even in the heart of the city, less than three hundred yards divide the approaching torrents, which finally unite in a majestic flood, destined a little later to be reinforced by the arrival from the north of a third mountain stream, the Ilz, which often brings upon its dark-hued waves substantial offerings from Bohemian forests. Of course, a site like this was seized as soon as possible by the Romans; and when they came, a score of years before the

PASSAU.

Christian era, to profit by its natural advantages, they found a Celtic stronghold on the spot, founded a century earlier. Then, in the course of time, the Roman camp became a fortified city, and thither came, in the fifth century, St. Valentine, — already mentioned in the volume upon "South Tyrōl," — who was, however, so badly treated by the pagans, that he returned to Obermais, near Meran, where he died in the year 470 A.D., his little church remaining there to this day. In spring, especially, a day or two may well be given to Passau. For not alone are its quaint, terraced buildings picturesque and pleasing, but the surroundings of the city on its various river banks invite one to excursions, memorable for the glorious views which they command. Particularly fine, in pleasant weather, is the panorama visible from Passau's mediæval fortress, — now a military prison, — known as Oberhaus, which crowns a wooded hill three hundred feet above the town. I can recall few more impressive sunset vistas than one which I enjoyed on this precipitous bluff, beholding in the evening glow the snow-capped summits of

THE FORTRESS OF PASSAU



THE DANUBE AT PASSAU.

the Salzburg Alps; while, close at hand, down three converging valleys, the dark green Inn, the sable Ilz, and tawny Danube, yielding to an irresistible attraction, came hurrying to their common rendezvous. It was with more than ordinary interest that I watched the meeting of the Inn and Danube. Beside the former I had often driven through the Engadine from Saint Moritz to Landeck. The latter, also, I had thus far followed from its source. For both I felt a kind of personal affection. Hence, as I saw them rushing toward each other at a lessening angle, I found it difficult to determine which of these rivals should be called the principal, and which the tributary. The Inn had thus far traveled only three hundred and fifteen miles, while its competitor had achieved a journey of about four hundred; but, on the other hand, the breadth of the Inn at Passau exceeds by one hundred and sixty feet the width of the approaching Danube. The question of preëminence was, however, settled centuries ago, and

STEAMING UP TO PASSAU.

we have merely to accept the verdict. The Danube's greater length was no doubt in its favor. So also was its vast importance as the northern boundary of the Roman Empire, confronting what was called by Tacitus the Forehead of Germany. At all events, the former masters of the world considered it the dominant river; and, notwithstanding the great volume of the Inn, they gave to the augmented flood resulting from this confluence the name which hitherto the northern stream alone had borne, — Danubius. There is a conflict here before the Inn

THE AUGMENTED RIVER.

surrenders its identity and strikes its colors; and as the rival currents struggle for supremacy, one feels regret that the Tyrolean river cannot hold its independent course, and keep its title unimpaired from Engadine to Euxine. But the inevitable comes to pass. The two great torrents blend, as two strong personalities unite in marriage. Both compromise, and are the nobler for their union, but only one preserves its name.

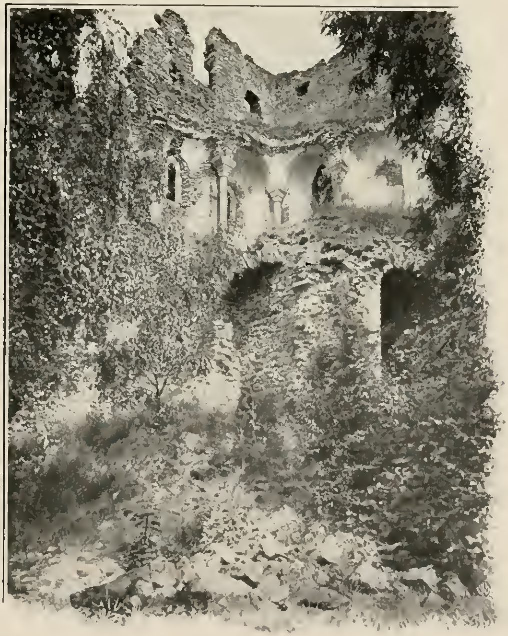
The view of Passau's picturesque peninsula, as we sailed away, was so enchanting, that I would gladly have delayed the steamer to enjoy it. Too quickly did the curving shores shut

out the fascinating scene, and relegate it to the halls of memory. I missed the independence, slower progress, and delightful silence of my rowboat near the Roman ruins. In fact, the one objection to a steamboat journey down the Danube is the swiftness of the passage, which causes its attractive sites to shift and change, like bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope. Large towns and pretty villages; low, smiling plains and wooded hills; rich, cultivated farms and stately forests — all these appear in quick succession to the right and left, change their positions nimbly in relation to the swinging boat, and vanish, to give place to others. Perhaps the ideal way of traveling here would be to make a portion of the voyage upstream; since only when one stems the current slowly can one properly observe the scenery. Moreover, in the ascending trip the tourist would have the steamer practically to himself. For some miles after leaving Passau the shore upon the right is Austrian, while that upon the left re-

SMILING PLAINS AND WOODED HILLS.

ENGELHARTZELL, THE FIRST TOWN IN AUSTRIA.

mains Bavarian. But near the charmingly situated town of Engelhartzell — called after Passau's bishop of that name nine hundred years ago — this territorial distinction suddenly ceases. We pass an unseen frontier, — would that all barriers between nations were as peaceful! — and learn that thenceforth both the Danube's banks belong to Austria. This means, however, little to the tourist; for, while he thus remains afloat, he feels that, like the flood which bears him on, he can ignore such trifles as a change of government. From time to time small tributaries join the sovereign stream. Two or three castles usually are in sight, most of them difficult of access from the river, and seemingly defiant in their isolation. Some have been renovated, and now serve as hunting seats or country residences for their wealthy owners. Others stand weather-worn and roofless from neglect; but all no doubt possess extremely interesting, probably tragic, chapters in their histories. So much of evil in the world must be ascribed to the invention of explosives, that it is worth remembering that gunpowder was really necessary to drive out from their mountain nests the castled pirates of antiquity. Till that could be employed, the barons were impregnably intrenched. Their watchmen stood on every height to signal all approaching boats, whose owners had to pay the required tax, or else be unceremoniously given to the waves. Sailors of shipwrecked boats, too, from the moment they set foot upon



WHERE GUNPOWDER WAS USED.

the territory of a robber-baron, were to all intents and purposes his slaves. All goods, thrown over to relieve a storm-tossed barge, became the property of the man upon whose land they came ashore; and if a boat's prow even touched the strand, however lightly, that fact alone transferred the ownership of the cargo to the proprietor of the sandbank which it grazed! Occasionally these old habitations are suggestive of the age of fable. Thus, one romantic castle — still in use, though smitten by the storms of seven centuries — bears the strange name of Ranariedl. It is derived from the Scandinavian river-goddess, Ran, whose husband, Ægir, represented water's favorable features, — beauty, majesty, and calm, while she personified its dangerous and dreadful elements. How this Norwegian legend gained a foothold here, is still conjectural; but it prevailed sufficiently to make men think that, like the Loreley, Ran spread her net here cunningly for shipwrecked crews, and dragged them downward to destruction. Even the noisy brook, which hurries down these cliffs, commemorates this evil genius in its title, Ranabach; and, since the rugged walls approach each other closely at this point, and many a wave-worn boulder frets

CASTLE OF RANARIEDL.

THE CASTLE OF OTTENHEIM.

the narrowed current into glistening foam, the terror-stricken voyagers of old times would see at night weird visions through the moonlit trees, hear Ran's hoarse cries of exultation, and watch her fascinating form upon the rocks, lifting her snowy arms, and luring them to death.

Almost as fabulous as this old superstition, seems at first a statement of geologists in reference to this locality. So numerous in this portion of the Danube are the fragments of its ancient cliffs, that they can hardly have been scattered here

CASTLE OF NEUHAUS.

by earthquake shocks, or by the denudation caused by heat and cold, but are more probably the effect of powerful erosion. It is, indeed, believed that once between these forest-covered bluffs there fell a mighty cataract. This, like Niagara, century after century, crept slowly backward through the granite mass, till finally the last remaining barrier of an upland lake was gnawed away, and in a fearful flood the pent-up water found its present channel to the sea.

One of the largest strongholds in this region bears the name of Neuhaus, and lifts its monster shoulders from a mass

of pines hundreds of feet above the stream. Its history gives the traveler a startling realization of the former close relations of this portion of the Danube with the Orient. During the desperate conflict with the Turks, in 1683, when the redoubtable Moslems actually threatened Vienna, and thrilled all Europe with alarm, this structure was selected as a place of refuge for a multitude of Austrian women and children, who were for months provided here with food and shelter, and guarded by a suitable garrison. Some miles below this relic

ASCHACH.

of those days of fear, a sudden lowering of the cliffs and broadening of the tide reveal the town of Aschach, — a pretty, sheltered nook of sunshine, famed for warmth and wine. The neighboring region for some distance has been rendered world-renowned through its connection with the national epic of the Germans, — the Nibelungenlied. This is the Danube's song of chivalry. One half of that imperishable poem, it is true, has close associations with the Rhine, but the remaining half

is no less intimately bound up with the Danube. The two great rivers of the German world have practically thus an equal representation in that work. Its ring unites them in a perfect and unbroken circle. As Wagner, in his musical portrayal of the Nibelungenlied, followed the Scandinavian, rather than the German legend, it may not be amiss, while traveling down the stream which forms the background for so much of that dramatic myth, to call to mind the outline of its plot. The heroine, Krimhilde, at the outset, lives at the court of her

THE FLOOD OF THE NIBELUNGEN SONG.

brother, Günther, king of the Burgundians. His capital is Worms upon the Rhine. Thither comes Siegfried, famed already for his conquest of the Nibelungs — a race of northern dwarfs — and for his slaying of a fearful dragon. The former of these feats has made him the possessor of a fabulous amount of gold. The second exploit — through the application to his body of the dragon's blood — has rendered him almost invulnerable. One spot alone exposes him

to death, if wounded there. It is a place between his shoulders, touched by a falling leaf before the monster's blood was dry. The hero asks King Günther for Krimhilde's hand, promising in return to win for him, as bride, the powerful queen of Iceland, the renowned Brunhilde. This is, however, a difficult undertaking, for she has vowed to accept no man as husband who cannot vanquish her in three athletic contests. Siegfried accompanies the king to Iceland, and there by means of a magic cloak, which temporarily invests the wearer with Herculean strength, enables Günther to subdue the queen. Brunhilde yielding, as she thinks, to Günther's actual prowess, marries him. A deadly quarrel presently ensues between the women. Krimhilde taunts her sister-in-law with the humiliating fact that Günther had deceived her through the aid of Siegfried. Enraged at this discovery, Brunhilde orders Hagan, one of Günther's vassals, to murder Siegfried. The crime is consummated by stabbing the hero in the vulnerable spot. Günther himself is present at the murder, and abets it, lured to the deed by lust for Siegfried's treasure, which is thenceforth sunk, for safety, in the Rhine. After the murder of her husband, Krimhilde's one desire is to avenge him. She hears his voice continually urging her to punish his assassins. To gain sufficient power to do this,

SIEGFRIED AND KRIMHILDE.

she consents to marry Attila, king of the Huns in Hungary. Thither she goes, escorted by the gallant Rudiger from Pöchlarn, one of the noblest figures in the Nibelungen Song, who had been sent by Attila to Worms to plead his suit. Pöchlarn is mentioned in the poem as the residence of this hero, and there took place the great reception of the coming bride.

KRIMHILDE DECLARES HAGAN TO BE THE MURDERER

At Passau, Efferding, and Enns she found still other resting-places. Near Pöchlarn, too, a splendid banquet was given her and her suite in Rudiger's imposing castle of Weiteneck, whose ruins still surmount the stream. Having become the wife of Attila, Krimhilde begs her brother Günther and his court to visit her in Hungary. Despite some grave misgivings on the part of Hagan, they accept her invitation, sail down the Danube, and finally give the queen the oppor-

KRIMHILDE'S ARRIVAL IN THE COUNTRY OF THE DANUBE.

tunity so long desired. A fearful struggle takes place in Krimhilde's palace. Rudiger, than whom

"a braver soldier never in this world was born,"

at first refuses to engage in it; but when Krimhilde bids him recollect his oath of fealty, and summons him to fight for her, he draws his sword. At last, however, he, as well as all the strangers from the Rhine, are slain. The queen herself kills Hagan with the sword of Siegfried. Yet only for a moment is she able

PÖCHLARN, THE CITY OF RUDIGER.

to enjoy her vengeance; for she, too, is cut down by one of Günther's followers, and thus in fearful tragedy and well-nigh universal slaughter the great epic ends.

Such is the briefest outline of this German Iliad. A certain historical basis can be claimed for it, since Attila, in 437, actually did defeat the king of the Burgundians, whose capital was Worms, and even effected his destruction. The visit of Krimhilde to the Danube was perhaps suggested by the fact that Attila died mysteriously on his marriage night, having been probably murdered by his bride, a young Burgundian, whose

relatives had perished at his hand. The date of the composition of the Nibelungenlied is pretty definitely fixed as the latter part of the twelfth century, but of its author we know nothing. Like the Homeric poems, it is thought by some to be a compilation, by a clever bard, of many older lays. Others, however, claim — apparently with justice — that the artistic unity of the work precludes the theory of mere compilation, and that one unknown master-mind designed its thousands of dramatic lines. Twenty-eight manuscript copies of the Nibelungen Song are in existence, ascribed to various dates between the thirteenth and the sixteenth centuries. Ten are complete. Eighteen are fragmentary. What is especially noteworthy in connection with the poem is the extraordinary manner of its renaissance after some centuries of oblivion. Some portions of it were revived and published in 1757, but they excited little attention, till there rose the grand incentive to Germanic unity inspired by the nation's struggles with Napoleon. Then everything Teutonic once more claimed preëminence; and in the year that saw the downfall of the emperor at Waterloo, this mediæval epic was actually given

RUDIGER'S CASTLE OF WEITENECK.

LINZ AND URFAHR.

to the German soldiers, to take with them on the march, and read beside their campfires! What a triumphant proof of the enormous power of carefully directed sentiment! What a conclusive argument for the influence of the ideal!

Four hours after leaving Passau, our steamer, lowering its funnel, slipped beneath a handsome bridge a thousand feet in length. At the extremities of this imposing structure two cities lay, confronting one another in the evening light, — Linz on the right, and Urfahr on the left. For one brief moment it seemed doubtful which was to be chosen for our landing. Then suddenly the prow swerved southward, and with slackening speed our boat came deftly to the pier of Linz. Somewhere a clock was striking seven. The sun was sinking toward the Styrian Alps, whose crests were softened in the golden distance by a purple bloom. Northward, a faint star trembled over the gigantic Böhmer Wald, through which, diverging from the river, I was soon to travel to Bohemia. My journey on the Upper Danube neared its close.

Linz is a clean and interesting city. Distinguished as the capital of Upper Austria, it is renowned for loyal men and lovely women, and has a history reaching over two millenniums. Bearing the name of Lentium, it was the principal Roman station on the Danube. The rich and fertile plains adjoining it, from which important roads, now railways, branched in all directions, were valued by them highly, and here they drew the boundary line between the two great sections of their province, Noricum. For several centuries Linz proved impregnable, and yielded to barbarians only when the empire tottered

THE OLD CISTERCIAN ABBEY OF WILHERING, NEAR LINZ.

to its fall. Walls, castles, towers, bastions, moats, and palisades succeeded one another, therefore, on this southern bank; while at the junction of the river Enns, not far away, the Romans built the famous manufactory which furnished shields for all the legions on this northern frontier. Here, too, were always anchored several vessels of the Roman fleet, which was continually cruising up and down the stream, conveying soldiers, food, and weapons from one station to another, and bringing messages from point to point. Linz was for me an object lesson. For many years, so far as the modern city was concerned, a name upon the map was all that it had meant to me. But

on the morning after my arrival, I found here fifty thousand of my fellow-creatures, intelligent, polite, and happy, living and loving, buying and selling, working and worshiping, and evidently proud of their fine country and attractive city, as well as of their friends and families, and possibly of themselves. Lawyers were hurrying to the courts, and merchants to their counting-rooms; patients were on their way to doctors, penitents to priests, children to schools, and soldiers to the drill-ground. When shall I ever learn, I asked myself, that human interests are vaster than our dreams; that Austria is something more than Innsbruck, Carlsbad, and Vienna, as Paris, Nice, and Pau are not the whole of France; that rapid traveling to a few large cities never can reveal the character and soul of any land; that individuals, with their loves, hates, duties,

THE BRIDGE AT LINZ.

THE NEW CATHEDRAL AT LINZ.

tragedies, and comedies, are as the grains of sand upon the shore; and only as we live among a people can we know them; and that the greatest benefit of travel is the acquisition of a broader knowledge, wider sympathies, and ampler toleration toward all races, colors, customs, and religions?

IN THE CAPITAL OF UPPER AUSTRIA.

On my last night in Linz I lingered long upon the silent strand, and watched the mighty river roll away beneath the stars. Upon its storied flood the shadows thrown by bridge and buildings lay like unsolved mysteries. Its broad, unruffled surface, flecked with light and shade, suggested an immense mosaic emblematic of the facts and fables of its history. As I reviewed in memory the scenes which I had witnessed in its course,—its princely

SWEEPING ONWARD TOWARD ANOTHER DAWN.

cradle, white-walled convents, immemorial forests, towering cliffs, romantic ruins, and, dominating all, its awe-inspiring *Umbra nominis Romani*, the grand old river, disappearing in the void of night, seemed more than ever typical of a human life. Because the sun had set upon its ample flood, its course was not completed here. We who had journeyed with, and loved it thus far, lingered for a little on its banks, but the great river made no pause. Our vision failed to follow it beyond the sable curtain that concealed its flight, but its majestic current was continuous. In God's great universe it was as little lost as is the moon between its waning and its reappearance; the sun between the evening and the morning star; the lily between snow and summer; the oak between the falling and the budding leaf. To us who watched it passing into darkness it appeared to end; but it was merely leaving us in temporary gloom, and sweeping onward toward another dawn.

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

BOHEMIA

BOHEMIA

AMONG mankind's erroneous beliefs, which explanations do not cure, or refutations kill, are two pertaining to Bohemia. The first is that Bohemians are Germans. The second is that they are gipsies. Both are extraordinary illustrations of mistaken identity. As to the first, the true Bohemian is by birth and choice an ardent, patriotic Slav, and nothing could offend him more than to consider him a German. The second supposition is still more misleading. Gipsies are found in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America,—probably even in Australia. They are of Oriental origin. They have their own peculiar language. There is as little race affinity between them and the Czechs as

A BOHEMIAN PEASANT.

between Scandinavians and Hindus. No land in Europe is without them; but, as a matter of fact, Bohemia has comparatively few of them. They play no part in her development or history. In the latter part of the fifteenth century the people of France supposed that bands of gipsies, which had crossed their frontier, were exiles from Bohemia. They called them, therefore, by that nation's name. No one who knew enough to recognize the blunder cared to rectify it till too late. Hence, by a natural association of ideas, much that pertains to those romantic, irresponsible vagabonds called gipsies, has come to be regarded as "Bohemian." The name suggests to-day an indefinable medley of "Trilby" models in the Latin Quarter; adventurous hours in "Little Hungary"; rooms hazy with tobacco smoke; small, slippered feet on wine-smeared tables; soubrettes with lightly fingered cigarettes; and artists with long hair, low collars, and plush smoking-jackets. That this so-called "Bohemia" has anything essential to do with the real country of that name is a mistake not only ludicrous, but libellous. Yet it is hardly probable that this nomenclature will ever be corrected. Its roots reach down too deeply into literature and language. The use of it by Thackeray has well-nigh sanctioned it. Even in music it has gained a foothold; for, though

A CZECH COOK.

the heroine of Balfe's delightful opera is a gipsy, the work is known in English as "The Bohemian Girl," and in French as "La Bohémienne." It is not to a gipsy realm, however,— still less to a fictitious world of unconventual revelers,— that this brief sketch is dedicated; but rather to an old, heroic nation and a noble land. In the heart of Europe lies Bohemia. In the heart of Bohemia lies Prague. In all Bohemian hearts the two are held enshrined. Both state and city are unique and wonderful. Both love a literature honored with the laurels of a thousand years. For many centuries Bohemia was an independent kingdom. Who can reproach her for remembering this, and for regretting her absorption by the house of Hapsburg? She is still loyal to the Austrian Empire, but dissatisfied. She is "resigned, because she has to be." Proud of her past, exultant in her present, hopeful of her future, Bohemia aspires to hold in reference to Austria the same political position won by Hungary,— that of a federated monarchy. Around her Fate has drawn a cordon of aggressive states,— Bavaria, Prussia, Saxony, and Austria. Before her

THE BELVEDERE PALACE AT PRAGUE.

rises ever, grim and threatening, the spectre of the German Empire. The thought of being dominated by the Prussian hegemony is to her detestable. She still holds firmly to her own political identity, as one who struggles in a stormy sea clings to the plank that separates him from destruction. She will not abdicate her individuality. Hence, since direct appeal to arms would now at least be hopeless, she has erected round her threatened nationality the one defensive rampart which she can legitimately raise, — the barrier of language. No strangers are allowed to think that she is merely Austrian. Still less must they suppose her German. She will not even let herself be loosely labeled "Slav." Slav certainly she is; and Russians, Poles, Moravians, and Servians are her kindred. But first, and last, and always is she CZECH. In fact, lest we should possibly forget it, she shows us at the very frontier a *chevaux de frise* composed of countless consonants. Our eyes are challenged by unwonted words. Our ears hear unintelligible sounds. Our tongues trip lamentably over monstrous combinations of familiar letters. There was a time when tourists here could treat the language as a negligible quantity. That is no longer possible. The man who crosses the Bohemian border equipped with English, German, French, and Italian, suddenly perceives that these are not sufficient. He, who an hour before was confident of having no linguistic troubles, blushes to find himself incapable of reading any of the signs around him. Their letters seem to have been

HAYMAKING IN BOHEMIA.

shaken up like dice, and separated into sections by caprice. No previous acquaintance with the Anglo-Saxon or the Latin tongues prepares him for the fact that *Zmrzlina* is the Czech equivalent for ice-cream, and *Trh* for market, or that the seemingly unpronounceable *Českobratrska ulice* is really an address to be given to a cab-driver. Even the names of towns and railway stations are frequently unrecognizable in their novel forms. Prague, for example, changes into Praha, Brünn to Brno, Olmütz to Olomouci, Eger to Cheb, and even our old friend Pilsen contracts to the catarrhal Plzn! Nor is this all. In Prague itself, — the cosmopolitan capital visited by so many foreigners, — the names of streets and signs on the electric cars are for the first few days incomprehensible. In the Bohemian Exposition, held in Prague in 1908, scarcely a name or notice was displayed in any European tongue, save Czech! I therefore walked about, unable to decipher scores of titles, rules, and explanations, which certainly in such a place might well have been expressed in one of the better-known Continental languages. Formerly this was not so. The names of streets and all the numberless announcements necessary to a city's life were given in both Czech and German. This was a rational arrangement, advantageous to all parties; first, because Czech is not, and never will be, understood by foreigners; and secondly, because Bohemia

THE RADETSKY MONUMENT AT PRAGUE.

still belongs politically to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, where the official speech is German. But now in both Bohemia and Hungary their own respective languages are, as far as possible, exclusively employed, and the bewildered tourist is left to puzzle out the meaning of their simplest words. At first the stranger is annoyed by this. It seems to him exasperating and absurd, as well as antagonistic to the interests of a people who would gladly see more foreign visitors among them. But gradually he comes to understand and even to sympathize with the situation. It is not due to foolish self-conceit or chauvinism, or to an inconsiderate wish to force the foreigner to learn their language. The cause lies deeper. The language-question is the storm-centre in the conflict between Czech and Teuton. Were the political situation changed, the German signs would probably reappear to-morrow. In both Bohemia and Hungary the strenuous insistence on the unrestricted use of the vernacular is one of many indications that both these lands are in a state of unrest and transition; that both are waiting for the death of the old emperor, Francis Joseph, to make some new and startling demands; and that it may be then a question not of words alone, but deeds. Austria tried — no doubt with good intentions from her point of view — to crush out the Bohemian language, as Prussia is endeavoring to-day to stop the use of Polish in her eastern provinces. But to a spirited people nothing is so precious as its mother tongue. This is particularly true in Bohemia, the origin of whose literature is practically identical with that of her religion. In the

DRIVING THROUGH BOHEMIA.

THE OLD BOHEMIAN TOWN OF EGER.

ninth century the earliest Christian missionaries, in order to supply their converts with a written language, invented one for the Slavonic race, with characters somewhat resembling those of the Greek alphabet, and into this translated the Bible and the writings of the Saints. Thus the Christianity of the Czechs is fundamentally associated with their language, — an added reason why the latter cannot be suppressed. It is, moreover, a remarkable fact that this great question of the preservation of Bohemian has been a matter of contention between Czech and Teuton for a thousand years. For German bishops, from the first, so bitterly opposed the new Slavonic tongue with its distinct linguistic liturgy and ritual, that it was necessary twice for the pope to intervene and settle their disputes. Seen therefore in this long perspective, the Czech's avoidance of Teutonic speech, and even his removal of the German version of his street signs, are better understood. The policy is really a reply to Austria's attempt to stifle Czech expression; and so intense

THE "CZECH" BRIDGE AT PRAGUE.

and universal is Bohemian feeling on this point, that even religious differences are forgotten in comparison.

Thus, many good Czech Catholics revere the memory of the Protestant leader, Hus, because he was a sturdy champion of their native tongue, employed it in his preaching, and drove from it implacably some importations from the German. Moreover, the linguistic difficulties of the traveler, caused by this national sentiment, are for the most part merely visual. Every Bohemian whom he is likely to encounter *can* speak German, and *will* do so to help a foreigner, however reluctant he may be to use a word of it among his countrymen. French, too, is spoken fluently and always with great pleasure by the educated Czechs. This is quite natural. Like France, Bohemia stands in fear of Germany's expansion. Like France, she sees with dread the Teuton's growing power. A common sentiment establishes sympathy between them. A common interest promotes their friendship. Some deputations, sent from France, have met here with receptions, not alone

polite and cordial, but immensely stimulating and enthusiastic. In truth, the associations which unite the Czechs and French date from remote antiquity. Thus, the Bohemian sovereign, known before his coronation as John of Luxemburg, fought with the French, in 1346, against the English under Edward III. at Crecy, and perished in the hottest of the battle on that well-contested field. It was, indeed, at Crecy, that the young English "Black Prince" gained his spurs, and then and there adopted for his own the triple feather-crest of the fallen ruler of Bohemia, together with the motto "Ich Dien," since then worn by every Prince of Wales. As illustrating, also, the prodigious influence exerted at that time by Bohemian monarchs, it was half humorously, yet half seriously, said of John of Luxemburg, that nothing in Europe could succeed without the aid of God and the king of Bohemia!

OLD ASTRONOMICAL CLOCK, PRAGUE.

Prague is the essence of Bohemia, as Paris is of France. All other cities of the country,

THE GERMAN THEATRE, PRAGUE.

interesting though they are, remain subordinate to it. The idol of the Czechs, the focus of their politics, the cradle of their culture, the altar of their patriotism — how can it fail to be a sanctuary of inspiring memories? It is a place where history was certain to be made. As the chief meeting-point of Slav and Teuton, it was inevitably destined to become a centre for conflicting thoughts, impassioned parties, and volcanic life. It is, moreover, one of the handsomest cities in the world. And yet, not merely handsome. Its features have a virile combination of both strength and sym-

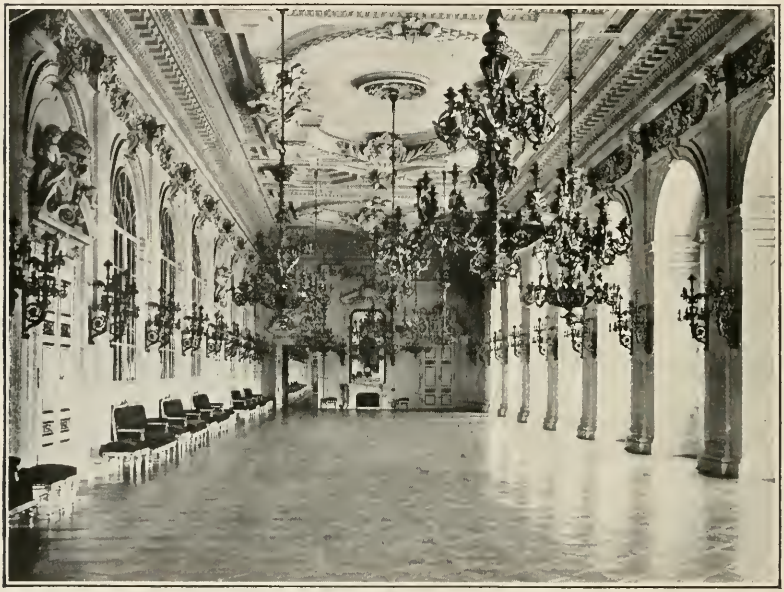
GENERAL VIEW OF PRAGUE.

PRAGUE.

metry, approaching grandeur. Eight centuries of art have made it beautiful. Reminding one of Paris and Moscow, it yet differs from them both. Its seal of individuality is as personal as the cartouche of a Pharaoh. Its physiognomy is one of smiles, until one sees it unobserved and, as it were, in profile. Then it is stern and sad, and one intuitively feels that in the drama of humanity Prague was assigned a tragic rôle. A veil of mystery enshrouds the origin of every ancient city. In Prague this veil is woven with particularly pleasing threads of poetry and romance. As in the case of Carthage, "Dux femina facti." The Dido of this Slavic city was Libussa. In the latter part of the fifth century, a Croatian chief, named Czech, after subduing the Celtic race of Bojen then residing here, is said to have settled in Bohemia with his tribe, and to have called the country by his name. One of his heirs to sovereignty had three daughters. The youngest of them, known as Libussa, was famous not alone for beauty, but for wisdom. Her countrymen, indeed, revered her as a kind of sibyl, and she was thought to have the gift of prophecy. Among her treasured utterances was a glowing prediction of Prague's future greatness. It was to be a city "whose renown should reach the stars." Upon the death of her father, the people chose Libussa for their queen, and promised to accept as sovereign whomever she herself selected for a husband. She therefore sent two messengers to a certain part of the country,

A CZECH FARMER.

where she declared they would discover a laborer plowing with two oxen. To him they were to offer her hand in marriage, and with it the kingdom of Bohemia. No sooner said than done. The messengers departed, found their man, and brought the astonished plowman to the city, where the young princess promptly married him. There is a rumor that this little comedy had been prearranged, and that the handsome laborer was a prince disguised. At all events, this young Bohemian Cincin-



A HALL IN THE BOHEMIAN ROYAL PALACE.

natus, who bore the name of Premysl, is said to have built a castle on the noble height, where rises now the splendid Hradschin palace, and to have traced the limits of the future city with his plowshare. Thereafter, every time that a Czech prince was crowned, he wore upon his feet the shoes of Premysl, in memory of his famous ancestor, and as a guarantee that he would guard the interests of the peasant class. How much of this romantic story can be true? No one can tell. But let us

not entirely reject it. Love, sturdy labor, and a pledge of justice are factors far too precious in the founding of a kingdom to be lost. Woe to the land that has no legends! What seems indubitable is the fact that Premysl was the founder of a dynasty which, starting somewhere near the year 752, ruled in Bohemia till 1306. Indeed, the present Emperor of Austria is said to be a descendant of Premysl in the female line.

A river, not unlike the Seine at Paris, passes through this Slavic capital. Germans have named this stream the Moldau. Bohemians always call it the Vltava. One gladly pays the Czechs the compliment of using their own word, especially as it is easy to pronounce. Five bridges span its often swollen and tumultuous current, and one of these — whose English name is "Charles' Bridge," derived from its illustrious founder, King Charles IV. — might truthfully be called the nucleus of the city's life. Its site has been a place of crossing for a thousand years. How many wooden bridges were successively erected at this point, and swept away, no one can say. But, in 1157, Queen Judith caused to be constructed here the first stone bridge which Prague had ever seen. Even the founding of the present structure antedates the sailing of Columbus for America by more than one hundred and thirty years, and its huge, massive piers have weathered centuries of

THE VLTAVA, OR MOLDAU.

storm and flood. Till 1841 it was the only path of communication over the Vltava, and hence it is often spoken of to-day — despite the existence of four stalwart rivals — as the Bridge of Prague. Along its parapets are thirty statues or religious groups, — fifteen on either side, — the gifts of pious princes or devoted laymen in comparatively recent times. At first, the only ornament on the bridge was a gigantic crucifix, and probably the structure would be more impressive, were this still the case. Yet, although scarcely one of all its sculptured forms repays inspection as a work of art, it is impossible to deny their general effectiveness, viewed at a little distance, in connection with the edifice which they adorn. Moreover, one of them is famous, and revered by millions. It is the large bronze figure of Bohemia's patron saint, the celebrated John of Nepomuc, who from this bridge, in 1383, and at a spot now indicated by a marble slab, was thrown into the river by the order of his sovereign, Venceslas IV. Tradition states that this Bohemian king had quarreled with his wife, and wanted to be rid of her. Anx-

CHARLES' BRIDGE.

ON THE BRIDGE.

ious to find a plausible pretext for condemning her to death, he asked the queen's confessor, John of Nepomuc, to tell him secretly the sins of which she had accused herself. The priest refused. The consequences of his bold fidelity to duty followed speedily. Beginning with imprisonment and cruel torture, they ended in his death in the Vltava. According to the legend, the body of the loyal victim was not carried down the stream, but floated for some time upon the river's breast, while five stars formed a coronal above his head. These stars are represented, rather inartistically, now above his statue; but where such reverence is felt for the original of the work, art is a secondary matter. On the sixteenth of May, — the festival of the saint, — enormous crowds assemble annually here to do him honor, and the great bridge is blocked for hours by pilgrims from all sections of Bohemia, as well as from Moravia and Hungary. One smiles at many of the customs and beliefs connected with that

scene; but, setting these aside, as part of an inevitable fungus on the tree of time, we find, as a legitimate basis for these centuries of admiration, the splendid courage of a man, who would not, even for his life, betray a woman who had trusted him, or in the agony of torture violate his priestly vow. Within the bur of superstition, therefore, we perceive this kernel of immortal truth, — that over valor such as his the waters of oblivion can never roll, and that around the memory of such heroes there will always shine an aureole of stars.

At each extremity of this famous bridge rises a noble gate-tower dating from the fifteenth century. These, with another similar structure in the city, called the Powder Tower, rank among the architectural treasures of the world. More picturesque portals than exist in Prague cannot be found. One has, alas! some difficulty in securing suitable positions from which to observe them. The busy world encroaches now as recklessly upon their precincts as it does upon the Florentine Campanile and Duomo. Still, one can usually find some moderately tranquil corner on the bridge, or possibly the doorway of a quiet shop, from which to study them at leisure. Yet how one envies the good citizens of Prague, whose windows open on such fine perspectives! What massiveness exists

THE POWDER TOWER.

in those square-cornered battlements! What lightness in their slender pinnacles and tapering belfries! What strength, and often beauty, in their statues of old saints and sovereigns! What richness in their fine stone carvings and armorial bearings! And how original and striking are their high-pitched roofs, spread out like banners to the sun and sky! All are magnificent relics of Prague's mediæval glories, and justify the love and pride of the Bohemians, as well as the admiration

A DISTANT VIEW OF THE POWDER TOWER.

of all foreigners. The richest and most splendid of these gates is that which bears the rather prosaic title of the Powder Tower. It is the last grand remnant of Prague's ancient wall, which once, together with a moat, enclosed the city, flanked by thirteen towers. That wall exists no more; its turrets have been razed; and the deep fosse, upon the edge of which once stood the Powder Tower, is filled, and forms to-day the brightest of the city's boulevards. Does this denote the permanent advent of

THE GREAT BRIDGE TOWER.

the age of peace, and the immediate transformation of all swords to plowshares? Alas! no more than the discarding of old suits of armor and the flintlock musket meant the end of war. Of course, these towers played a prominent part in Prague's event-

ful history; and, since so many of the pages of its annals have been stained with blood, some of the souvenirs of its grim battlements are ghastly. Thus, after the decapitation in 1621 of many Protestant nobles, the executioner hung his victims' heads upon the great Bridge Tower, and left them there to horrify the passers-by for ten long years. At one end of the bridge, whose corner-stone he laid with his own hands, stands the bronze statue of Charles IV., the ablest king Bohemia ever had. Exceptionally intelligent, he had been educated in Paris, had married a French princess, spoke the language of that country fluently, and was as just as he was generous, and as magnanimous as he was wise. He was the son of gallant John of Luxemburg, who, as we have already seen, died on the battle-field of Crecy. In the same year that he inherited from his father the Bohemian throne, he was elected sovereign of the Holy Roman Empire, at that time the most powerful and responsible position in the world. Hence it is worth remembering that even outside the limits of Bohemia a Czech king held, for more than thirty years, at least a nominal, and in many respects an actual, supremacy over a territory reaching from the North Sea to the Arno, and from the Rhine to the frontiers of both Hungary and Poland! His critics claim that Charles was wont to favor his own kingdom at the expense of the empire, and that the latter was, at best, only an annex to Bohemia! If so, he was but human. He loved Bohemia, and strove with all his might to make its power

STATUE OF CHARLES IV., PRAGUE.

paramount, and Prague the principal imperial city. What he accomplished here was truly wonderful. So much did he encourage building, that he was said to have made of Prague a city of palaces. A large, new, residential quarter was added by him to the capital, and while he reigned, no country in all Europe had more numerous and handsome churches. One of his greatest acts was the creation here of a university, closely resembling that of Paris; and none can blame Bohemians for reminding us that the first university in the whole German Empire was founded by a Czech, and in the capital of Czechs! This institution Charles divided for convenience into four linguistic parts, — Bohemian, Polish, Saxon, and Bavarian. From these and other nations students were invited, and lectures were delivered to them in their different languages. So many were the youths who flocked here from all foreign lands, that the good people of Prague became alarmed lest prices for both food and lodgings should prove ruinous. Nor was this all. He also gave to this institution a valuable library. He cordially invited to his court all men of learning and accomplishments. He founded an association of the painters, sculptors, wood-carvers, and goldsmiths in his kingdom, and strove to make it an academy of arts. Distinguished men of letters, too, were welcome in his capital, and Petrarch, who resided here for several months, in 1356, was the recipient of the

CHARLES IV. IN PROFILE.

CHARLES' BRIDGE AND THE VLTAVA.

highest honors; just as the great astronomers, Tycho Brahe and Kepler, were graciously protected here two centuries later by another royal patron of the arts and sciences, Rudolph II. It was, indeed, while studying in Prague, that Kepler discovered and published his famous laws of planetary motion, which caused him to exclaim with reverence and awe, "O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee!" Charles also freed Bohemia from ecclesiastical dependence on the German diocese at Mainz, made Prague the residence of an archbishop, and so exalted the Bohemian capital, that it became one of the most renowned and influential cities in the world.

Up to that time the people of Bohemia had been governed by a mass of loosely labeled precedents and old traditions. Charles now replaced these by a code of laws, and ordered that this legal digest should be read aloud before the people four times every year, that they might know their duties and their privileges. Another of his benefactions was the abolition of all "tests of innocence" by torture, thus ending many horrible abuses and degrading superstitions. At the same time he set his face like flint against all deeds of violence and private feuds among his nobles. But the most lasting and important act of this Bohemian emperor was the promulgation, in 1356, of

THE OLD COUNCIL HALL.

his great edict, called from the gold imperial seal attached to the manuscript, the Golden Bull, — just as all papal "bulls" derive their name from the Latin *bulla*, or seal. This famous document, still preserved at Frankfort on the Main, established till Napoleon's time — more than four hundred years later — the method of electing German sovereigns for the Holy Roman Empire, limited to seven the number of the electors, defined what cities they should come from, and gave to them an equal rank with kings, so that their persons were inviolable, and all conspiracies against them treason. In view, then, of the record of Charles IV.'s achievements, it is small cause for wonder that the Czechs have reared a statue to his memory, and look upon his tomb in the cathedral as a shrine.

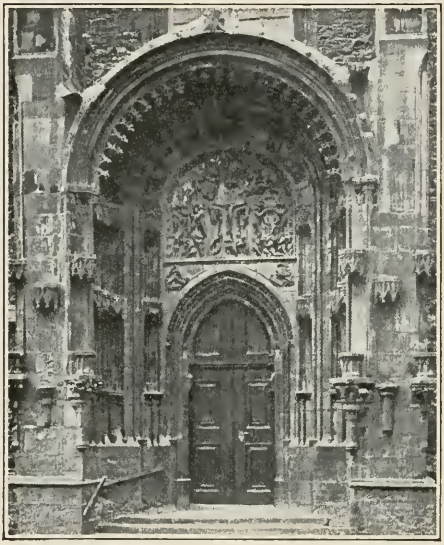
Of all the thrilling epochs in Bohemian history, none is so stirring, terrible, and tragic, as the period of the Hussite wars. The time perhaps has come when men can view that reign of terror without prejudice, and study both its causes and results impartially. John Hus was born in a Bohemian village in 1369. He died, a martyr at the stake, at Constance in 1415. Between those dates lie twoscore years of struggle, suffering, and apparent failure. Nevertheless, no history of Europe or the Church would be complete without his name. Although of peasant parentage, he graduated at the university of Prague, and finally

came to be its rector. Meantime the writings of John Wycliffe, excommunicated and condemned for heresy in England, had made their way across the continent to Bohemia. Hus read them, and believed them. He even preached their new ideas, and advocated the reforms which Wycliffe had demanded. Had he been satisfied to speak in Latin, his influence would have been small; but he addressed the people in their native tongue. Crowds flocked to hear him. He became a popular idol. Every one now acknowledges that the Church then stood in need of reformation. Charles IV. had tried to institute improvements and correct abuses, and had failed. But times had changed. John Hus was the connecting link between the English Wycliffe and the German Luther. Wycliffe was dead and hated. Luther was yet to come. In 1405, Pope Innocent VII. issued a bull denouncing the ideas of Wycliffe.

THE OLD HUSSITE CHURCH (TEYNKIRCHE).

In 1409, Pope Alexander V. condemned them also, and ordered every one who owned the English heretic's books to give them up. Many obeyed, and the archbishop of Prague burned publicly two hundred copies of the works in question. Hus, on the contrary,

called Wycliffe orthodox, and publicly defended him. He also preached and wrote against the sale of indulgences, as Luther was to do two centuries later. Moreover, when summoned to appear at Rome, and answer to the charges brought against him, he refused to go, and although excommunicated on account of this, still preached defiantly. Things came to such a pass, that practically the whole of Prague was threatened with the papal ban, if it continued to protect and listen to him. Words passed to deeds. The conflict reached the university. At once the line was sharply drawn between the Czechs and Germans. The Czech professors stood by Hus, and clamored for reforms. The Germans to a man opposed them. So bitter grew the feud, that finally, on the 16th of May, 1409, the German teachers and students to the number of five thousand shook the dust of Prague from off their feet, and founded, that same year, the earliest university of Germany — that of Leipzig. At last so great was the disorder, that the king requested Hus to leave the city, which he did. In his retirement he wrote a book called "De Ecclesia," in which he claimed that the Christian Church needs no visible head, and that a pope who lives in mortal sin ceases to be a true pope. In 1413, a council was convened at Constance and Hus summoned to appear before it. This time he thought it wise to go, and on his way received repeated proofs of popular sympathy.



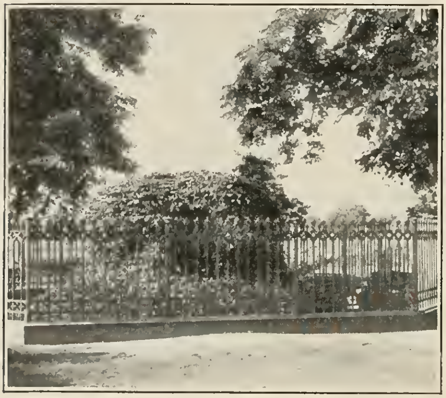
NORTH DOORWAY OF THE HUSSITE CHURCH.

THE OLD COUNCIL HALL.

The emperor, Sigismund, had given him a safe-conduct, but this was disregarded by his enemies on the ground that contracts with a heretic are not binding. He was, accordingly, thrown into prison, before a single accusation had been formally brought against him. He asked for counsel to defend him, but in vain. When in the presence of the council he attempted to explain his views, the uproar was so great that he could not be heard. He therefore sat down with the simple words, — "In such an assembly I had expected to find more justice, piety, and order." Two days later, the emperor being present, he had a fairer hearing, and denied having made any repudiation of the Catholic doctrine, though paying a tribute of respect and admiration to the memory of Wycliffe. It must be said, however, that he did not use much tact or wisdom in his answers, and mor-

CASTLE OF GOTTLIEBEN, NEAR CONSTANCE, WHERE HUS WAS IMPRISONED.

tally offended the susceptible emperor by criticising his employment of a Latin word. Such factors, trifling though they seem, often decide the weightiest questions. So easily influenced is human nature by flattery or wounded pride! The council finally insisted that Hus should acknowledge himself guilty of everything of which he had been accused; and that, recanting all his heresies, he should swear never again to teach them. This Hus refused to do. Forthwith he was condemned to perish at the stake. He met his dreadful fate with perfect fortitude. As the fierce flames leaped upward to devour him, he chanted steadfastly the words: "O Christ, Son of the living God, have mercy upon me! Thou, who wast born of the Virgin Mary . . ." There his voice ceased. The greedy flames fulfilled their lurid task. But their heroic victim had escaped. It was a great mistake to burn John Hus. Men thought, when they had thrown his ashes into the Rhine, that they had heard the last of him. But, much to their astonishment, his soul went marching on. The fagots that consumed him kindled a tremendous fire. Far better had it been not to have stifled that reproving voice. Its tones returned to haunt men till they grew ungovernable. The death of Hus was the inciting cause of the terrific war which followed. Practically the whole Czech nation looked upon his death not only as a murder, but as a deadly insult to Bohemia. If Hus had been a heretic, they said, then all Bohemians were also heretics, for they were with him almost to a man. The people were infuriated. They



BOULDER, MARKING THE SPOT WHERE HUS WAS BURNED.

HOUSE—MARKED BY MEDALLION—WHERE HUS WAS ARRESTED, IN CONSTANCE.

rioted, and sacked the churches. They stormed the archbishop's palace till he fled from Prague to save his life. The pope called on the emperor to reëstablish order, and defend the Church. It was too late. A fearful civil war broke out, as cruel and relentless as religious wars invariably are. Each side endeavored to surpass its enemy in barbarity. What made the conflict fiercer was the fact that, though the original motive of the struggle was religious, it soon became political as well. To millions, patriotism and religion in these wars appeared identical. For Sigismund, who sided with the Pope, was German, and German soldiers were now marched into Bohemia, as "Crusaders," to suppress the "heretics." The Czechs, however, hated Germans then as much as they do now. They therefore rose against them as invaders of their country. The Czech who was not fighting as a Hussite was regarded as a traitor. A stirring proclamation was spread broadcast with these words: "The Church has raised against us our worst enemies, the Germans. What cause for war have they, save their eternal hatred of our race? They wish to dominate in Bohemia as they do in Prussia and on the Rhine. Remember your ancestors, the ancient Czechs, who passionately loved their fatherland. To arms! and save our country from oppression!" Inflamed by such a spirit and by wonderful religious zeal, they carried all before them. Their leader, Ziska, captured Prague, pillaged and burned the monasteries, and drove back and defeated both

ANCIENT HYMN IN HONOR OF HUS.

the Germans and the emperor's troops with fearful slaughter. When the king, thoroughly alarmed, displayed a leaning toward these enemies, some of his newly chosen councilors were thrown from the windows, to be caught on spikes and killed by the infuriated crowd below. When Ziska died, his successor in command, the no less formidable Procop, actually invaded Austria, Saxony, and Bavaria, till Germans suffered more from Hussites than they had from Huns. Horrible tortures were inflicted on both sides. Permission was given to kill a Hussite without trial. A reward of sixty shillings was offered for the capture of a Hussite layman; three hundred for a Hussite priest. Prisoners were buried alive, or burned. Another mode of massacre was driving them over the brink of a mine three hundred feet in depth. For years these fierce forerunners of the Puritans were invincible. Yet their crude weapons were for the most part spiked flails, spears, and loaded clubs! Their ramparts were their wagons, linked together in a circle by strong chains. These they could use by day for transportation, and form a wall with them at night around the camp. There was, however, in this revolution, — as in all others which the world has seen, — a tendency for those conducting it to separate into two antagonistic wings. Thus, the conservative Hussites had insisted principally on permission to receive both elements in the Sacrament — the wine

A DESCENDANT OF THE HUSSITES.

PRAGUE, FROM THE OLD FORTIFICATIONS.

as well as the bread. On this account they were called Utraquists, from the Latin word *utraque* (both), and frequently also Chalicists, because of their demand to use the consecrated cup. So precious did they deem this privilege, that finally the Chalice, as an emblem in their churches, actually replaced the Cross. It also figured on their battle flags, and often waved triumphantly above most dreadful scenes of carnage! They, too, denounced the sale of indulgences, and questioned the validity of any spiritual function performed by an immoral priest. But all were not content with this position. Intensity, unchecked by reason, quickly grows into fanaticism. "Nothing is more terrible," says Goethe, "than energetic ignorance." When an enthusiast, quoting texts of scripture as authority, really believes that he is called by God to deeds of violence, he is, next to a madman, the

most dangerous being on our planet. The radical Hussites, quoting the example of the early Church, demanded a community of goods. Denouncing the existing forms of government, they wished to establish a republic, with absolute equality, and even with no distinction between priests and laity. Whatever we may think of these things in the abstract, the world was hardly ripe for them five hundred years ago. In fact, if one or two million Doukhobors in Canada began to-morrow to insist on the adoption of their views, supporting their demands with iron-shotted clubs, there would undoubtedly be trouble. If the religious side of the question had been the only one, the efforts of the government to suppress it would have probably been paralyzed, and much religious liberty and great ecclesiastical reforms would have been gained. But communism, although very popular among the thousands who can furnish nothing to the common fund, can never long prevail. It is easy to share the property of others, but the "others" sooner or

THE OLD HUSSITE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, PRAGUE.

THE SCHWARZENBERG PALACE, PRAGUE.

later make objection. No sooner did the Hussites violently disagree upon these points, and come to blows among themselves, than the result was certain. The government party had simply to adopt the policy of "divide and conquer." In 1433 the Council of Bâle made many concessions to the Moderates, and within a year the Radicals were defeated hopelessly, though fighting to the last.

THE BLACK TOWER, EGER.

I have laid special stress upon this frightful epoch in Bohemian history, not only from its own immense significance, but also from the fact that it is often wiser to direct attention to one characteristic period in a nation's annals, than — on account of limited space — to deal with many superficially. The Hussite wars are thoroughly representative of the religious zeal, fanaticism, bravery, and patriotism of the Czechs; and practically all Bohemia's history is explained by studying its two supremely popular movements: the Hussites' sanguinary struggle for reform four centuries ago, and the great national renaissance which we are witnessing to-day. Yet no one must conclude

PALACE OF WALLENSTEIN.

that, during the long interval between those epochs, this unhappy country was at peace. Repeated wars of almost inconceivable barbarity swept through Bohemia for centuries, like tidal waves, leaving behind them hideous trails of massacre and ruin. The aftermath of the fierce Hussite conflict was a still more terrible calamity, — the Thirty Years' War. Can we conceive what *thirty years* of uninterrupted warfare meant in those dark days of bigotry and savagery?

What a relentless Nemesis pursued the three most famous generals in that awful conflict: upon the Protestant side the Swede, Gustavus Adolphus; upon the Catholic, the Belgian Tilly and the Bohemian Wallenstein! The first was slain in the very hour of his victory over Wallenstein at Lützen; the second mortally wounded in a battle with Gustavus Adolphus six months previous to the latter's death; and Wallenstein, the most ambitious and mysterious of them all, was murdered in his bedchamber at Eger, while in the neighboring castle, — now a melancholy ruin, — his officers, Illo, Kinsky, and the

RUINS OF THE CASTLE AT EGER.

rest, were treacherously done to death! In that stupendous drama of destruction, lasting three decades, which cost in all ten million lives, and took from Germany more than one half of its entire population, Bohemia suffered indescribably, and finally lost her national independence. The revolutionist party — virtually the successors of the Hussites — had called upon the Protestant princes to assist them; but on the 8th of November, 1620, the much more powerful armies of the Catholic League, under the famous general, Tilly, met the Czechs upon a height near Prague called the White Mountain, and crushed their forces irretrievably. To this day all Bohemians — Protestants and Catholics alike — avert their gaze from that ill-fated hill, whose pallid silhouette rises like a whited sepulchre, within which lie their vanished glory and their vanquished dead. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect which this disaster caused. For in this conflict politics and religion, patriotism and Protestantism, had become so wholly and inextricably mingled, that

THE CITY HALL AT EGER, WHERE WALLENSTEIN WAS MURDERED, 1634.

when the Czechs were routed and destroyed upon the slopes of the White Mountain, their national existence also seemed annihilated. "Here," says one of their historians, "the history of Bohemia closes, and that of other nations in Bohemia begins." The vengeance of the conquerors was merciless. Tortures, imprisonments, and executions followed one another with relentless speed. Among the highest Czech nobility twenty-seven were beheaded, and seven hundred and twenty-eight others had their property confiscated, and were hopelessly ruined. The rector of the university had his tongue torn out. The country was inundated with adventurers, among whom the old Czech estates were recklessly divided.

THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

Three quarters of the people's property is said to have passed thus into the hands of foreigners, who flocked to Prague like vultures to a feast. In 1627, by imperial decree, Bohemia was declared to be a purely Catholic country and an hereditary portion of the empire. Thereupon thirty-six thousand families, containing the best blood of the nation, emigrated from Bohemia rather than abjure their faith. Through massacre and emigration, therefore, the population of the country is said to have been reduced from about four millions to eight hundred thousand! It is, however, only fair to say once more that this was not entirely the result of a religious struggle. True, the important question of religious liberty was at stake, and played a prominent part in the whole fearful tragedy. But "Catholic"

CHURCH OF THE BOHEMIAN MONASTERY OF TEPL.

and "Protestant" were often merely labels for demoniac monsters of depravity, and shibboleths of religion were convenient cloaks for fiendish cruelties and crimes. Political intrigues and a lust for land were also wonderful motives for promoting and

continuing that reign of terror. And it is now the recognition of these facts that makes it possible for modern Catholics and Protestants to study and discuss them with judicial calm.

In studying the history of Prague, one sometimes feels that all its citizens must have been either Catholics or Protestants. But here, as everywhere, it is erroneous to forget the Jew.

THE OLD JEWISH COUNCIL HALL, PRAGUE.

Ground ruthlessly between the upper and the lower millstones, there were always Israelites. Their quarter was the Ghetto, and their garb the gabardine. Restricted to a labyrinth of narrow streets, swarming with squalid lives, and reeking with the odors of compressed humanity, Prague's Hebrew precinct seemed, on my first visit to the place, in 1873, a pool of pestilence. Yet, as a matter of fact, the Ghetto always suffered less from epidemics than the European sections of the town, and its inhabitants as a rule lived longer lives. At present this old part of Prague has largely disappeared. New streets and squares and handsome modern structures have arisen from its ruins. But two extremely interesting relics of its past remain, and will, it is believed, be permanently spared. These are the ancient synagogue and its adjacent cemetery. The former has been standing here for seven hundred years, and is the oldest synagogue in Europe. Its pavement is below the level of the neighboring street, as if it were already partially entombed, and its two narrow windows can dispel so little of its

twilight gloom that it suggests a prison. Such it virtually was. To-day the Jews of Prague have several handsome, modern synagogues, and civic and religious liberty is assured them. But during the long centuries, when only this dark, shabby hall, and that of its humbler predecessor heard the Hebrew's prayer, their plight was pitiable. No darker stain defiles the history of western civilization than its treatment of the Jew; and Prague, it must be said, contributed her share to the inhuman treatment meted out to them. When, in the exigencies of the town or State, large sums of money were desired, the Jews were often accused of having offered insults to the Sacred Host, and fined extortionately. Excessive taxes, too, were laid upon them. From the belief that they did not deserve to live, it was an easy step to tax them heavily for doing so. Yet what a life was theirs! Confined to fetid, over-populated districts, and clad in a distinctive dress, they were excluded, usually, by law from the professions, industries, and even agriculture, and were compelled thus to become small traders or else money-lenders, yet were cursed for being so. If this, however, had been all, their fate would seem comparatively kind; but when to all their social and financial persecutions are added the appalling tortures, burnings at the stake, and massacres, inflicted century after century practically everywhere in Europe from Portugal to Poland, one closes, sick at

THE OLD SYNAGOGUE.

heart, the gory record of their miseries, in horror at the depths of man's depravity, and in unutterable gratitude that in all European countries, except Russia, such deeds are now no longer possible. Not until well within the nineteenth century, however, did man in shame tear down the Ghetto walls; and it is certainly remarkable that the closing of Prague's Jewish cemetery in 1785 should have been practically contemporaneous with the first great effort of a European nation to put an end to Hebrew persecutions. For it was France, in one of the inspired moments of her Revolution, that first proclaimed the Jew to be before the law as free and equal as the Christian. One thinks of all these things within this Jewish city of the dead. It is at least coeval with the synagogue, and probably is far more ancient. Hebrews maintain that it dates from the year 632 A.D. At all events, it is undoubtedly the oldest Israelitish graveyard in the Occident. No burials have been permitted here for more than a century. Its volume of the dead is closed. Once it possessed an area of three

THE JEWISH CEMETERY, PRAGUE.

MEMORIALS OF A TRAGIC PAST.

acres, but is now much smaller. The modern city has encroached upon it. The quick begrudge the dead their valuable site. Were it not archæologically interesting, it would have long since disappeared. Twenty-eight thousand of its tombstones still remain, huddled together timidly like frightened sheep, or like the dwindling remnant of a company of prisoners condemned to die. Yet even this excessive crowding gives no adequate picture of its insufficient space. Beneath each stone are many graves, placed one above another. After the Ghetto of the living, the Ghetto of the dead! The monuments are of different shapes and sizes, and more or less defaced by tempests and the tooth of time. But most of their inscriptions are astonishingly clear. Some are adorned with figures, emblematic of the tribes to which the dead belonged. A pitcher, for example, is symbolic of the Levites. Two hands denote the tribe of Aaron. A double triangle indicates the house of David. Occasionally, too, the name of the deceased is symbolized: Hirsch being represented by a sculptured stag, and Löwe by a lion. On many of them I noticed — what I had also seen on Jewish graves in Palestine — a multitude of pebbles, placed by relatives and friends, or possibly by pious strangers, moved to pity by their fate. What sort of people could these be, whose homes and sepulchres alike were so pathetically limited? One of the epitaphs may tell us. It reads as follows: "Here

THE GHETTO OF THE DEAD.

rests a lady eminent for the piety and purity of her life. She would have ornamented any society of happy, virtuous women. She devoted herself principally to beautifying places of religious worship. Never did she miss her morning and evening devotions. She gladly aided those engaged in study, and loved to entertain her guests. Her acts of charity were great and numerous. Every synagogue received from her a present. She also educated orphans to lead upright lives. The community pays grateful tribute to her preëminent virtues. May her soul gain a place of honor in the future world!" Here also is the grave of a wealthy Israelite named Meissel, who from his private funds built here at Prague four synagogues and the Hebrew Council House. Six streets were also paved at his expense, and every week sixty poor mendicants were fed by him. What most impressed me, as I gazed on these memorials of a tragic past, was the mysterious possibility which lurked behind so many of these Hebrew hieroglyphs. For aught that we may know, within the veins of some forgotten Jew who slumbers at our feet, once flowed the blood of Hebrew patriarchs or princes; and some pathetic stone, distinguished by a double triangle, may mark the grave of one whose ancestors were kinsmen of the Son of David. How strange to think that in those same Semitic characters, which here record a few poor, individual annals of a hated race, was written every book of that Old Testament on which is based the Christian, no less than the Jewish, creed! It is amazing to reflect that all the dreadful wars which men

THE HIGH ALTAR AT THE MONASTERY OF TEPL.

waged here for centuries were largely caused by incompatible interpretations of a book, written by men whose lineal descendants they perhaps were burning! Unmindful of the facts that all the patriarchs and prophets of their Bible had been Jews, that all their sacred literature was the work of Israelites, and that the Sabbath they so strictly kept was instituted by the law of Sinai, they nevertheless compelled the progeny of the founders of their faith to huddle in a loathsome Ghetto, and treated them as slaves and pariahs. Astounding inconsistency! the sacramental elements, concerning which they fought like fiends, were those commemorative of the death of One they worshiped as the Prince of Peace, — yet One who, from a human point of view, had lived and died a member of that very race which they were treating with revolting cruelty.

THE RUDOLFINUM, CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND ART MUSEUM.

Prague is a place of quick transitions and surprising contrasts. Creations of Charles IV., memorials of the Hussite wars, and modern structures, like the noble National Museum, are often simultaneously visible; while from the ancient cemetery of the Jews a few steps only bring one to the handsome Rudolfinum, — a splendid edifice, built in 1884, and named after the late Crown Prince of Austria. A part of this imposing building is devoted to Prague's world-renowned Conservatory of Music, the rest of the interior being occupied by Concert Halls and an Art Museum, among whose

treasures are several paintings by the famous Bohemian artist, Gabriel Max. It is not strange that the Conservatory of Prague, which has now some twenty-eight professors and about four hundred pupils, is a great success, particularly as a school for violinists.

A national proverb says that every Czech is born with a violin in his hand! Certainly some of the virtuosi whom this Conservatory has graduated would seem to justify the proverb's truth, for among them are the brothers Ondricek, Kocian, and Kubelik. The history of Czech music, thus suggested, is extremely interesting. Like most of their Slav kinsmen, the Bohemians are wonderfully gifted musically. Their fine religious chants date from remote antiquity, and were especially popular during the period of the Hussite wars. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, François Dussek was one of Prague's most celebrated pianists. His wife, too, was an accomplished singer. Into this musical family Mozart loved to come, and he resided with these friends whenever he visited the Bohemian capital. In fact, in the home of the Dusseks, now called the Villa Bertranka, in the environs of Prague, Mozart composed the greater part of his opera of "Don Giovanni."

It was in Prague, on the 29th of October, 1787, that the first performance of that immortal work took place, and his "Marriage of Figaro" had been given there also in the previous year. The number of musicians that Bohemia has produced is most remarkable. It would be difficult to find in any part

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

of the world an orchestra of importance which did not have at least a few Bohemians among its members.

The list of musical directors, too, whom she has exported to different countries, would be a long one. In the last century Zelenka held an honorable place at Dresden, and Joseph Slavic was esteemed a formidable rival of the "wizard" Paganini. In recent times, Smetana, who is considered to have been the founder of Bohemian dramatic music, and one of whose pupils was Christine Nilsson, was greatly honored during his life, and at his death in Prague, in 1883, received an almost national funeral. Another well-known Czech composer was Dvorak, who was for a time the director of the Conservatory of New York, and whose great opera "Dmitri," as well as his Slavic dances and his symphonies, have been universally admired. It is, in this connection, worth recording that it was Bohemia — proverbially a land of dances — that gave to a delighted world the polka, often erroneously attributed to Poland. Its name, indeed, is derived from the Czech word *pulka*, meaning half, because it is danced in two-four time, with a decided accent on the third beat. The first musician to write this music was Joseph Neruda, who had seen a peasant girl singing and dancing the polka, and noted both the tune and steps. It was introduced thus into Prague in 1835, and spread thence to Vienna and Paris, England and America, everywhere taking the public by storm.

KUBELIK.

Prague is preëminently picturesque. It has been called "The Northern Rome" because, like the great city of the Cæsars, it

is seated upon seven hills. Humboldt preferred to it only the ocean cities, — Constantinople, Naples, and Lisbon. Of inland European capitals, it is easily the handsomest. From immemorial times the hill which chiefly dominates the town has worn a castle for a crown. The name of this elevation, the Hradschin, is difficult to pronounce, but not to understand. *Hrad*

THE HRADSCHIN, FROM THE MOLDAU.

signifies a castle ; and, with its second syllable, the word denotes the quarter of the city where the castle stands. There are few nobler sites than that of this Bohemian acropolis. Upon its crest a multitude of towers, turrets, pinnacles, and spires etch their silhouettes against the sky, like the mirage of an ideal Gothic city, a vision such as Turner might have painted in his happiest mood. Like Moscow's Kremlin, the Hradschin is the core of the Czech capital. Within its walls are the imperial palace, — residence of emperors who rarely come — and the cathedral, — resting-place of kings who never go. The first consists of an enormous mass of structures built around four spacious courtyards. In one of these areas were held, in early times, the first assemblies of Bohemian nobles. On such occasions there was placed between the royal residence and the

THE ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE AND THE ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE ON THE HRADSCHIN.

house of God a plain stone throne, — crude symbol of the king's divine vice-regency. The first and last impression made upon me by this range of buildings was a feeling of immensity. Even the Winter Palace of the Tsar had not appeared to me so overpowering in its dimensions. This is due partly to the fact that the arrangement of its various sections, built by different sovereigns, is confusing; but chiefly to its mournful emptiness. Of all its seven hundred and eleven rooms the great majority are unoccupied. Once filled with life and animation, and brilliant with political importance, they now are silent and deserted. The stately hall, where the Bohemian kings received the homage of their subjects and of foreign embassies, now echoes only to the footsteps of the passing traveler. Even the faces of the palace guardians wear a look of melancholy. In these immense and lonely corridors I felt

"... like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

A "BANQUET-HALL DESERTED."

THE PALACE.

It was not, therefore, at close range that I best realized the nobility of the Hradschin. Remoteness renders it sublime. Then the imagination, fired by inspiring memories, finds scope for idealization. One should assuredly visit the Hradschin as one descends to study in detail the gorges of the Arizona Canyon. But after one such intimate inspection, one is better pleased to view both marvels from a distance. The Hradschin is an object to admire from the river-bank, or from the loggia of the Belvedere. Seen thus, so splendidly suggestive of Bohemia's past, it is a thing to rouse enthusiasm and awaken dreams. Noble by day, and magical by moonlight, the majesty of its colossal architecture forms a vision which can never fade from memory, — severe yet tender, dignified yet beautiful, formidable yet feminine, and — while inspiring hope — sad on account of an uncertainty of future which must touch the heart. How many would-be conquerors have the Hradschin's ramparts kept successfully at bay, until the covetous invaders were compelled to raise the siege! One of the titles formerly bestowed

on Prague was that of "The City of a Hundred Towers." Although the number was no doubt exaggerated, the rhythmical hyperbole was largely justified. The entire city was enclosed with walls, and the Hradschin height especially was girdled by a line of crenelated bastions, which followed the declivities and elevations of the hill, and rose at intervals in massive towers. Some of the latter are still standing, and may be inspected. One, called the Daliborka, is especially interesting. Its title was derived from an unfortunate nobleman, named Dalibor, who for political offenses was imprisoned here in 1497, and having languished in obscurity and misery for twenty-two years, was finally brought out into the light of day only to be beheaded! In his heart-breaking solitude this wretched prisoner had one source of joy, — a violin. Some say that in a corner of his narrow, fetid cell, he found this former consolation of his predecessor. Others attribute its possession to the sympathy of his jailer. Dalibor, it is true, had never learned to play the violin, but such an obstacle was soon surmounted. He was a Czech, that is to say, a born musician. Accordingly, having become a master of the instrument, he drew from its poor frame such plaintive strains, that those that passed beneath the tower would

THE HALL OF HOMAGE.

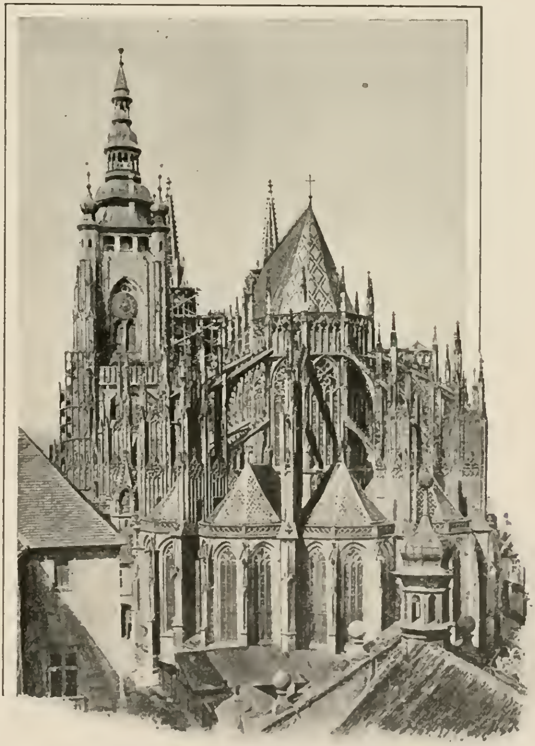
THE TOWERS, FROM THE BELVEDERE.

often pause in wonder and compassion, as they detected in those tones the anguish of the prisoner's soul and his impassioned prayer for liberty. One day the violin was mute. The cell was tenantless — left empty, like an outgrown shell. But in a corner of the moat was seen a new-made grave. Smetana, an illustrious Czech composer, has given to this pathetic story immortality by making it the theme of one of his finest operas. Even more gruesome is another dungeon here, within whose gloomy depths many a victim of oppression, doomed to die, has perished of starvation, his first revolting duty, on arriving, being to lower the dead body of the previous occupant into a rayless oubliette,

AN APPROACH TO THE HRADSCHIN.

whose horrors no one knew. Among the objects found in a less sinister apartment, in the course of restoration fifty years ago, were numerous playing cards, which the guide at present shows with grim complacency. They were invented by the captives for diversion, lest their prolonged imprisonment should drive them mad. Upon these pitiable bits of pasteboard — gathered and secreted, who knows how? — the spots and figures were produced by mixing dust with drops of their own blood! One hardly knows which is the more pathetically tragic, the stupefying horror of their long captivity in sunless vaults, or the weird means employed to give their wretched lives a semblance of amusement.

The crown of Prague is the Hradschin. The jewel in that crown is its cathedral. From the old citadel's encircling walls the spires of that ancient church soar heavenward, like a stately flower from a sculptured vase. Its roots are deeply buried in the past, but its florescence is at hand. Two earlier Christian shrines preceded it upon this site, but of the present structure Charles IV. laid the corner-stone in 1344. Not yet, however, has it reached completion. Its growth has been retarded by the many tragedies in Prague's volcanic history. Bohemians love it for



THE CATHEDRAL.

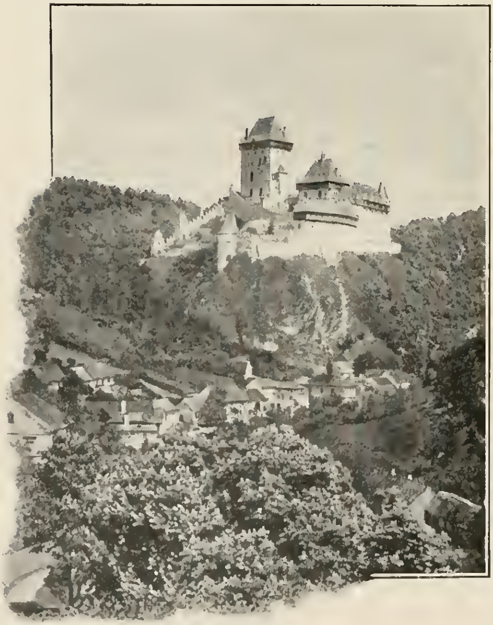
the woes it has endured. Great efforts have been made in recent years to finish it, and now the work is steadily progressing under the auspices of a society formed, in 1859, especially for that purpose. At present it consists for the most part of a noble Gothic choir with eight chapels; but, when completed, it will have a length of more than four hundred feet, and the old belfry which now surmounts it will be replaced by one whose height will probably exceed five hundred feet. It is indeed expected that Czech architects will here produce a Gothic temple no less splendid and majestic than the minster of Cologne. The title of this ancient edifice is the Cathedral of Saint Vitus. Unfortunately, to a large proportion of the human race, the name of this illustrious saint suggests a nervous malady, and nothing more. Unless instructed otherwise, most of us certainly would suppose that he had been afflicted with the ailment which bears his name. It is, however, a supposition as groundless and erroneous as the belief that the Bohemians are gipsies. Saint Vitus was a Christian martyr, who suffered death under the Roman emperor, Diocletian. The legend in regard to him relates that when his father was about to visit him in prison to implore him to renounce Christianity, he found his son employed in dancing there with seven beautiful angels. This so surprised and dazzled him — as well it might! — that he was instantly struck blind, and could regain his vision only through the intercession of his son. On this account the saint became the patron of all dancers; and when, in the

STATUE OF VENCESLAS.

Middle Ages, the remarkable "dancing mania" spread through central Europe, Saint Vitus was the saint resorted to for cure. Hence, though the nervous trouble, now known as "Saint Vitus's dance," is not the same as that which then prevailed, it is sufficiently similar to it to have given the martyr's name to a disease, from which in all probability he never suffered! It must not be supposed, however, that the association of Saint Vitus with the Prague cathedral had anything to do with that distressing malady. Six hundred years before the outbreak of the "dancing mania," Venceslas I., one of the earliest of Bohemian princes, received a relic of Saint Vitus, as the revered memorial of a noble martyr, and forthwith built a church for its reception, — a primitive forerunner of the great cathedral. The oldest and most sacred chapel in this Gothic sanctuary bears, in fact, the name of Venceslas, and dates from 1358. Its walls are most remarkable, being divided into two nearly equal sections, one above the other, the former being ornamented with rare mediæval frescos, representing scenes in the lives of Christ and of Saint Venceslas; the latter being incrusted with a multitude of agates, amethysts, chrysoprases, jaspers, and other precious stones for which Bohemia is so renowned. The pointing of this glistening masonry was made with gold. The marble tomb of Venceslas stands in the centre of the chapel, and near it is his statue, together with his helmet and his coat of mail, for this old saint was evidently one of the Church militant. The most impressive souvenir of all,

THE HIGH ALTAR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

however, is the ring of bronze fixed in the chapel's massive door. It is the one to which, in a small church in Alt Bunslau, Saint Venceslas clung desperately, when his brother Boleslav struck him the blows that caused his death. One cannot look upon this ring unmoved; for it is not alone a grim memorial of fratricide, but also of the fact that in that treacherous murder was embodied one of the last, ferocious efforts made by paganism to destroy Christianity. It was in the year 936. The Christian faith had hardly gained a foothold in Bohemia. Venceslas had accepted it. Boleslav rejected it. The people naturally were divided. No doubt the pagan brother had his partizans. But such a monstrous crime was, on the whole, repudiated. Christianity continued to make progress; the martyred Venceslas became a saint; and thousands kneel before his grave to-day to beg his intercession at the Court of Heaven. In one dim corner of this chapel is a secret doorway leading to a room where are preserved the old, historic crown and royal jewels of Bohemia. Formerly these were carefully guarded, twenty miles from Prague, in the magnificently situated, picturesque château of Carlstein, built by Charles IV. in 1348, and often occupied by him as a residence. Now it is more appropriate that these regalia should be treasured in the Hradschin, where they are deemed so precious, that the door of the apartment which contains them is locked by seven different keys, kept by as many dignitaries of the kingdom, among whom are the archbishop



CARLSTEIN.

and the mayor of Prague. Will these insignia ever again be used? The heart of every Czech says "Yes!"

While Venceslas is deemed the patron of Bohemia, the saintly guardian of Prague is John of Nepomuc, the story of whose death in the Vltava has been told. A prominent place in the cathedral is naturally given to his tomb. This takes the form of an immense sarcophagus of silver, weighing one and a half tons, and valued at one hundred thousand dollars! Within this, in a casket of pure crystal, lies the body of the saint. Around it are suspended twenty-seven silver lamps, among which, like a jewel in a brilliant setting, gleams one lamp of gold. Above the whole, five angels hold outstretched a silken canopy. There is unfortunately little art in this elaborate monument. One also feels that it is inappropriate. Simplicity and unobtrusiveness were what this modest hero would have most desired. Posterity has been unwilling to concede them to him. Hence the effect that one would gladly find in the last resting-place of such a brave and loyal man, is wholly lost. Quite different is the impression made by the superbly decorated oratory of the royal family, connected with the castle by a corridor. This admirable specimen of Gothic art dates from the very beginning of the sixteenth century, and is the more esteemed because it narrowly escaped destruction during the bombardment of the Hradschin by the Prussians, in

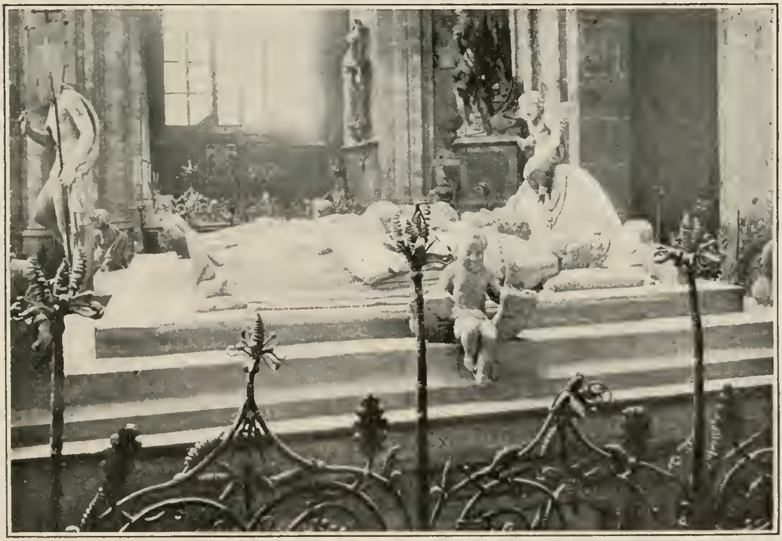
THE TOMB OF SAINT JOHN OF NEPOMUC.

1757 — an act of vandalism for which Frederick the Great has never been absolved. On that occasion the royal palace received fifteen hundred shells, and the cathedral alone seven hundred and seventy, while nearly a thousand houses in the city were destroyed. One of these missiles, fastened to the oratory by a chain, recalls this ruthless cannonade, and hardly tends to foster in the Czechs a love for Germany. Another work of art in this cathedral is the royal mausoleum, built of white marble in the reign of Rudolph II., about the year 1589. Beneath it sleeps Charles IV., — that wise and liberal king, of whom Bohemians are justly proud, — in company with his successors, who one by one performed their parts in Prague's eventful drama, and now repose within its national Walhalla. Upon the spacious summit of this monument lie, side by side, the sculptured forms of Ferdinand I., his wife, and son; while at the foot of their pure, marble couch stands a fine statue of the risen Christ, facing the grand high altar, where His death is solemnized. This noble structure was the work of the great Belgian artist, Colin of Malines, creator of those wonderful bronze figures which surround the tomb of the emperor Maximilian in the royal church at Innsbruck. It was indeed in that Tyrolean city that Colin made the statues for this mausoleum, which were conveyed by river as far as Linz, and thence on sledges to Bohemia's capital. We cannot wonder that the Czechs, as they recall the past,

THE ROYAL ORATORY.

walk silently and sadly here among their nation's dead. For if Bohemia had maintained her royal independence, and had retained until the present time a throne and court whose glories would have centred in this capital, the beauty and prestige of Prague might well have been unparalleled. These walls once witnessed, century after century, the coronation of their kings, as Prague's archbishop placed upon their brows the crown of Venceslas, and they took solemn oath to rule with justice, to defend the kingdom, and protect the Church. Now that old, storied crown, the symbol of Bohemia's golden age, lies dust-dimmed and unseen beside the chapel of a patron saint whose arm seems powerless. Saints, bishops, emperors, and statesmen, whose careers so largely shaped their country's history for a thousand years, are sleeping dreamlessly beneath the Gothic roof of what might well be called Bohemia's Westminster Abbey; and until recently, for generations, the whole Czech nation also seemed to sleep, as if in death.

But there has been a resurrection, or at least a renaissance. To every Czech the vanished independence of his nation is a



THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM.

AN AWAKENED CITY.

Paradise Lost. At first historians rose, like Dobner, Dobrovsky, and above all, Palacky, called the "Father of the Nation," whose name is honored and commemorated in every town and city in the kingdom. These patriots told the people of their glorious past. "Awakeners," as they were called, worked heart and soul to rouse and stimulate their countrymen. The old Czech language was revived, and showed itself again in poetry and in song. The revolutionary flood of 1848 gave to Bohemia the breath of life, though for a long time that life fluttered like a flickering flame. Ground down repeatedly beneath the heel of absolutism, the brave Bohemian spirit always rose again, and gained renewed

A BOHEMIAN WOOD-GATHERER.

ROOM OCCUPIED BY MOZART, VILLA BERTRANKA, NEAR PRAGUE.

vitality when Austria was defeated on the plains of Lombardy, and a united Italy was born. In 1866 Prussia and Austria met in deadly conflict. In that fierce duel of the Teutons, Bohemia was the field of combat. Before the opening of the campaign, the commander-in-chief of the Prussian armies issued a proclamation to the Czechs, in which occur the following words: "We are far from opposing your just desires for independence and your free, national development. If our just cause is crowned with victory, perhaps the moment will also come when the Bohemian national aspirations can be satisfied, as those of Hungary have been." In 1866, however, Bohemia was as much an integral part of the Austrian Empire as she is to-day. The Prussian proclamation, therefore, was really an invitation for her to revolt, and join the enemy. Her longed-for national independence was adroitly held out as a possible reward for such duplicity. Bohemia rejected the temptation, and fought loyally for Austria at Königgrätz, whose fields were strewn with fifty thousand dead. What has been her recompense? After the Austrian defeat, Hungary claimed, with something like a menace in her tone, the realization of the emperor's promises and further

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

recognition of her rights. She was successful. She gained her ancient constitution and increased political independence, and Francis Joseph was crowned king of Hungary at Budapest.

Meantime Bohemia, far more modestly, had made substantially the same demands. They were refused. The Czechs protested. Repressive measures were adopted by the Austrian government. Czech newspapers were subjected to a rigid censure, and were often heavily fined. Nevertheless, in spite of opposition, the

THE CZECH NATIONAL THEATRE.

national spirit steadily rose. In 1868 the corner-stone of the National Theatre, a building raised by millions of subscriptions throughout all Bohemia, was laid in Prague amid intense enthusiasm. In the following year, on the occasion of the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Hus, thousands of Czechs assembled in his native town, adorned his house with a memorial tablet, and swore fidelity to the principles of "that great patriot and martyr for liberty of conscience." At length the state of affairs became so grave that the Austrian emperor, in Septem-

ber, 1871, addressed to the Bohemians the following words, "Bearing in mind the place which the crown of Bohemia occupies in the State, we willingly recognize that kingdom's rights, and are ready to confirm that recognition by our oath of coronation." This edict thrilled Bohemia with joy. Her hopes at last seemed on the threshold of fulfillment. The emperor Francis Joseph was for a time the idol of the nation. But complications soon arose. Bismarck opposed the project, and prevailed. No less than thirty-seven years have passed since then, but never yet has Francis Joseph worn Bohemia's crown. The disappointment of the Czechs was boundless. Naturally there were violent outbreaks. Repressive measures were adopted, and the long, long fight began again. Race hatred showed itself in numberless exasperating ways. In 1891, for instance, there was a national exposition at Prague, in which the Germans refused to participate. It was, however, so successful, and so clearly proved Bohemia's progress in the arts and industries, that, notwithstanding the prevailing bitterness of feeling, the government

CZECH CHILDREN GREETING THE BUST OF THE EMPEROR.

POOR, BUT A PATRIOT.

advised the emperor to visit it. The full details of this unending conflict between Czech and Teuton would exceed the limits of an entire volume. That all the fault is on one side, is unbelievable. But, on the whole, one's sympathies go out to these brave Czechs, so proud of their immortal past, so valiantly determined to preserve their nationality. In valiant souls oppression fosters patriotism, and in the case of the Bohemians their patriotism is only equaled by their perseverance. Their sufferings have hardened them, like tempered steel. Ease, wealth, and luxury — not hardships — destroy love of country. *Ubi bene, ibi patria,* is the motto of the Sybarite. The Czechs, of course, do not expect ever to become an independent realm, like England, France, or Italy. But they desire, first and foremost, a revival of their king, crown, court, and parliament, — in other words, autonomy, limited only by the duties rendered necessary by imperial federation. Moreover, they insist on lessening the domination of two million Germans over four million Czechs, which for two hundred years existed here, and made the German tongue the language of the administration, Church, and schools. They wish to make of Prague a centre of intelligence and power, as it once was, but never can be, if Germany takes possession of Bohemia. Prague would inevitably then become a mere provincial town. Experience shows that many

once illustrious cities, when no longer capitals, have sunk to mediocrity. Even Italy has not been unified without serious loss. Parma, Modena, Mantua, Florence, and other less important cities, — once centres of court life, and of a liberal patronage of arts and letters, — have retrograded sadly since the centralization of all power at Rome. Some are already seldom-visited nonentities — their past forgotten, and their art ignored. At all events, Prague never will consent to be a German city until its palaces are laid in ashes, and its streets are heaped with dead. Long treated as despised inferiors, the Czechs will die *en masse* to prove the contrary. Nor can we shut our eyes to the fact that, in this strife of rival races, the Bohemians are steadily gaining ground. Many concessions have been made to them, whose justice is unquestionable. Less than a score of years ago, exclusively German schools were founded and maintained for the purpose of "denationalizing" as many as possible of the Czech children, while opposition Czech schools had to be maintained by private contributions to resist this tendency! Now Czech is taught in all the schools. Moreover, thanks to this great competition, and to so many places of instruction, there are in Bohemia practically no illiterates! Whether the change of status, sure to come upon the death of the present agèd emperor, will bring these patriots nearer to the realization of their hopes, it is impossible to predict. Even as I write, the papers

APPROACH TO THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF PRAGUE

tell the story of new deeds of violence, of broken desks and well-nigh broken heads, and personal conflicts between Czech and German representatives. If we could judge the future by the standard of what ought to be, there would, I think, be only one opinion as to the future of Bohemia. But, looking down the blood-stained vistas of the past, we see that many a noble nationality has been destroyed, and that unlawful Might has often trampled under foot unquestioned Right beyond the

RAILWAY AND HRADSCHIN, — THE NEW AND THE OLD.

possibility of resurrection. Yet something gives us hope that the sad fate of Poland will not be repeated here; that all these millions of brave Czechs, whom ages of repression have not crushed, will prove too strong and resolute to lose their birthright; and that the crown of Venceslas will once more glitter on the brow of a Bohemian king. Meanwhile, if I were asked to paint a characteristic picture of Bohemia, I would portray the genius of that nation either as a strong, intelligent maiden, standing erect upon her native mountain crest, and peering won-

deringly, yet confidently, eastward toward the dawn; or else, and possibly with more exactness, as a Slavic sentinel in Austrian uniform, facing the German frontier with a watchful eye, and constantly expecting an attack.

WHAT WILL THE FUTURE BRING?

In this brief verbal picture of Bohemia the author has selected two entirely different and yet thoroughly characteristic points, around which naturally group themselves the nation's chief historical associations and a portion of its social life. The first of these is Prague. The second is Marienbad. One is entirely national; the other international. The former is too much absorbed in her own evolution to pay much attention to the foreigner. The latter depends largely on that foreigner for success. In the northwestern corner of Bohemia are some of the most wonderful phenomena to be found upon our planet. Under the earth crust of that region lies apparently a lake of boiling water, charged with medicinal properties. Above this is a natural roof from three to twelve feet thick, formed by the incrustation of the mineral water as it leaps aloft, and falls again upon its shell. This hard deposit from the springs tends constantly to choke the channels through which all the liquid, steam, and gases, pent up in the subterranean caldron, make their exit. Hence, if these conduits were not cleared and widened four times every year, explosions of great violence would occur, as was occasionally the case before this fact was properly under-

THE AMBROSIUS SPRING AND CATHOLIC CHURCH, MARIENBAD.

stood. One feels a kind of awe in looking at the principal spring at Carlsbad,—the renowned Sprudel. The mystery of what lies behind that indefatigable pulse is most impressive. It comes forth in a thick, strong jet, which yields two thousand seven hundred and nine quarts per minute, and has a temperature of about one hundred and sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit. Carlsbad, Marienbad, Franzensbad, and Teplitz are four different vents for this concealed vitality of our still vigorous globe. The first is doubtless the best known, as it is certainly the most remarkable. Carlsbad, however, is more cosmopolitan than Czech. Its guests are representative of every nation under heaven.

True, it does not especially exert itself to win them, and has the air of being a little too conscious of its power. Knowing that crowds must come to drink its waters for their livers' sake, it seems to say to them disdainfully: "Here is my sovereign cure. Take it, or leave it. Others will come, if you do not. Sprudel, or suf-

THE SPRUDEL.

VILLAS IN MARIENBAD.

fering!" Moreover, compared with other European health-resorts, Carlsbad is not remarkably attractive as a place of sojourn. True, it has many sumptuous hotels, good music, pretty environs, and streets of shops. But it is, nevertheless, a city; and, as such, is as fashionable, heartless, mondaine, and demi-mondaine as any of the "smart-set" sections of the Riviera. It must be said, too, of the Carlsbad buildings, that a large proportion of them look both dark and dingy, as if the millions of disordered livers that have there been cured had given the town a bad complexion. One might imagine that departing patients leave their sallowness

A STREET IN CARLSBAD.

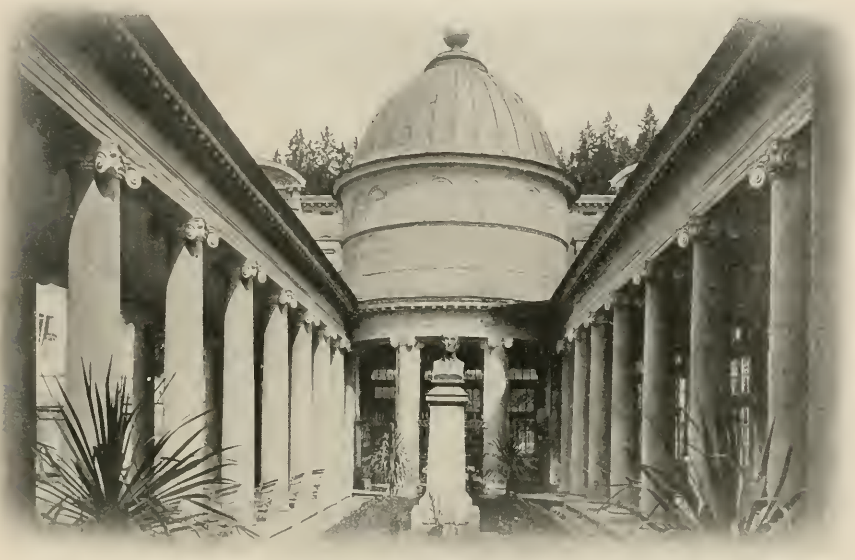
behind, as serpents shed their skins. In this respect the difference between Carlsbad and Marienbad is the difference between shade and sun. Marienbad is a beautiful collection of bright, cream-white structures, radiant in a crystal air, two thousand feet above the sea. It is a cultivated island in a sea of pines — a miniature city compassed by the Böhmer Wald. Framed by a million fragrant conifers, it blooms for five months like a lovely

THE KREUZBRUNNEN SPRING.

flower; then, wrapped in snow and silence, slumbers till the following spring.

Within its bosom throb unceasingly the fountains that have given it life and made it world-renowned. How hard it is to realize, so inclined are we to think ourselves the only objects of the earth's munificence, that these great reservoirs of healing virtues lay unheeded and unknown for countless ages, ere a drop of their invigorating waters touched the lips of man! But little more than a hundred years ago this valley, now fre-

quented annually by twenty-five thousand visitors, was a wilderness. No paved road led to it. No stage-coach made the place accessible. Only a mountain path, half overgrown with underbrush, wound thither over rocks and swamps, and through neglected forests. Nature apparently had wished to hide these treasures from the outer world. That mineral springs existed here, had, it is true, been vaguely known for years, and some



MONUMENT OF DR. JOSEPH NEHR, THE FOUNDER OF MARIENBAD.

attempts had been occasionally made to wring from them medicinal salts; but not until the opening of the nineteenth century did Marienbad's star attract the notice of mankind, at first obscure and tremulous, but destined speedily to become a luminary of the foremost magnitude. The entire region formed then, as it forms to-day, a portion of the vast estates belonging to the neighboring monastery of Tepl. In 1790, the medical attendant of this monastery was Dr. Joseph Nehr. Happily he was more than a physician. He was an enthusiast.

FATHER REITENBERGER.

Convinced of the rare value of these springs, and eagerly predicting for them a great future, he labored indefatigably to win men over to his views. Such were his faith and confidence, that he erected for himself within the limits of this solitude the first home ever built here, and called upon the world to follow him. Enthusiasm is contagious. Faith is inspiring when confirmed by deeds. The monks of Tepl, who at first had thought their doctor slightly mad, began themselves to dream strange dreams and see bright visions. The clouds that overhung this savage woodland gradually acquired a silver lining. It was, they thought, worth risking a few florins, to see if what the Doctor said was true. At first, however, they constructed cautiously only a little bathhouse with eight rooms, and nearly as many beds. Then, since monks rarely have believed that man can live on water only, they added thoughtfully a restaurant. More and more people came to it, and cures were made. Its reputation spread. More buildings were erected. Exactly one

LIBRARY OF THE MONASTERY OF TEPL.

hundred years ago, in 1808, the brothers gave to the place the name of Marienbad, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Since then its progress has been rapid and its fortune brilliant. As the world goes, it is remarkable that the pioneer and founder of the place is still remembered. So many benefactors are forgotten! A fine bronze bust of Dr. Nehr now stands beside Marienbad's principal spring, the Kreuzbrunnen; and his benignant face, not unlike that of William Lloyd Garrison, beams kindly on the passing crowd. There is, however, another statue here, commemorating one whose claim to gratitude is no less great than that of Dr. Nehr. This was the worthy prelate, Father Reitenberger. For when elected abbot of the Tepl monastery in 1818, he used its funds with generosity and wisdom in furtherance of the Doctor's plans, and really put the health-resort upon the road to fortune. Moreover, his successors have carried on the work with energy and foresight, and the proprietors of the

CENTRAL BATHING ESTABLISHMENT, MARIENBAD.

place are still the members of the Order, represented by Inspector Father Würfl. To him belongs the management of the springs and baths, as well as the control of all the exportation of the mineral waters. Tastefully grouped upon the park-like area which surrounds Marienbad's springs are scores of handsome buildings. Although these are for the most part hotels, pensions, and villas, they are remarkably uniform in architectural excellence, stately in form, tasteful in decoration, and frequently imposing. They are distinguished also by that bright and cheerful look, which most Parisian structures wear during the first few months of their existence. Alas! in Paris these are soon begrimed with fog and smoke. Marienbad has, however, no fog, and practically no smoke, to dim their lustre. The health-resorts of central Europe represent in most respects the height of modern civilization, without frenzied luxury.

The administration of such places as Marienbad, Homburg, Baden-Baden, and Meran is one of the fine arts. At least four

A STREET IN MARIENBAD.

prominent features are invariably found in all of them, — a well-appointed Kur-Haus, with ball-room, concert hall, and reading-room; orchestral music several times a day; a stately forest, lined with miles of admirably graded, well-swept paths; and finally a bountiful provision for that healthful custom of living, eating, and drinking in the open air, which renders summer life in Germany so charming. In most localities where people congregate, the claims of commerce take precedence of

THE COVERED PROMENADE.

all others; but in these health-resorts the first consideration is to make all visitors comfortable and happy. Not without recompense, of course. The management must have its profit, and deserves it. But life in any place, which, from whatever motive, is controlled by an untiring wish to please, is well worth paying for. Moreover, one need not suppose that health-resorts are necessarily gloomy, with a perpetual suggestion of "*Memento mori.*" True, for a certain number, health is the prin-

cipal subject of all thought and action. But fully as many strangers take no cure, and need none; while even in the case of invalids the pursuit of pleasure usually remains paramount.

Life at all European health resorts is very much the same, though this is not equivalent to saying that it is monotonous; at least it is not more so than any regular mode of life, if long continued. Day begins early at Marienbad. Already at five o'clock some restless patients fill their glasses at the springs, and stroll about an hour or two, according to the orders of their medical advisers. At six begins the music, and the drinkers gradually increase in numbers, till the promenade is thoroughly enlivened by

AMONG THE DRINKERS.

a moving throng. Half of these people carry glasses of hot water taken from the fountains, and sip the liquid as they walk, while chatting gaily with their comrades, many of whom are pleasure-seekers, coming thus early merely for companionship. Among them are, of course, some representatives of what is often called

the Land of Dollars. Many of these might be surprised to learn that this small corner of Bohemia indirectly named the monetary unit of the United States. Mining has always been among the Czechs a profitable industry, and in the sixteenth century large quantities of silver were produced in the valley known as Joachimsthal, near Carlsbad. From this coins were minted,

KING EDWARD VII. AT MARIENBAD.

which at first in jest, but later seriously and legally, were called thalers, from which the appellation "dollar" was derived.

Of late years, in the month of August, Marienbad has beheld among its visitors the king of England. Dressed inconspicuously in a light gray suit, and crowned with nothing more imposing than a "Derby," or "Fedora," he makes his advent at the Kreuzbrunnen every morning about eight o'clock, drinks the amount of water which has been prescribed, and then walks briskly back and forth for half an hour along the shaded paths, accompanied by one or two friends. Unless one knew that Ed-

THE COLONNADE, MARIENBAD.

ward VII. was a "Kur-Gast" here, no stranger would suspect that this discreetly dressed and unobtrusive gentleman was the king of England and sovereign of the British Empire. Of course, the fact of his presence being known, he is immediately recognized by hundreds. Yet nothing could be less objectionable than the conduct of the crowd.

The mayor of Marienbad always issues a request that people shall not press upon and stare at the distinguished guest; and this, so far as I was able to observe, is carefully complied with by the promenaders. Accustomed for so many years to public scrutiny, King Edward has acquired the art of looking without noticing. Spectators do not catch his eye. The royal gaze goes over or below their faces. It is quite plain that, although vaguely conscious of their presence, he does not actually see them. This mastery of the optic nerve must be extremely difficult; but what a lesson it suggests to ordinary mortals! Does not the secret of a happy life consist in not observing things too closely? How true it is, that if we look for trouble

THE FOREST SPRING.

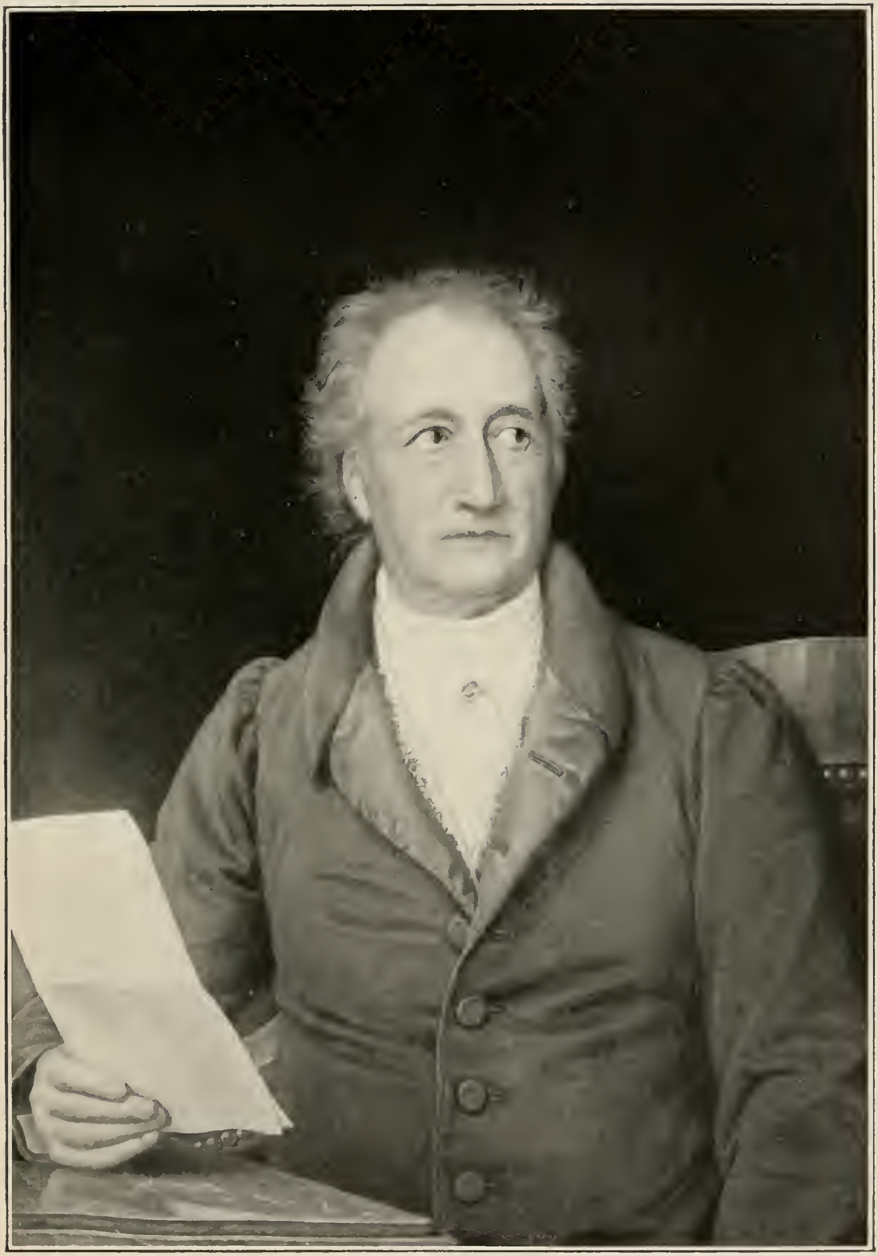
A CARRIAGE ROAD IN THE FOREST OF MARIENBAD.

we shall find it. Ah, the supreme felicity of not beholding all that others find to criticise, — the blemishes in works of art, the faults of friends, the small defects of character in those we love, the trifling exploitations of a tradesman, the imperfections of well-meaning servants, the one bad apple on a fruitful tree, the spots and not the splendor of the sun!

One of the most revered of all Marienbad's patients in the past was the immortal demigod of Weimar, Goethe. In quest of health, he came here for a part of three successive years (1821–1823). We read in one of his letters from Marienbad: "The situation of this place is delightful. Both architect and gardeners understand their business, and are accustomed to work on liberal lines. It seems to me that I must be in the wilds of America, where trees are cut down in a forest, that a city may be built there in three years." Goethe had reason soon to be as grateful to Marienbad as he had been appreciative of its beauty, for here in 1823 he recovered from a severe illness — a fact which he attributed solely to the use of these waters. Part of the benefit, however, which he and countless others have derived here should be ascribed to the pure, ozone-laden air of the surrounding pines and to the sunny, healthful situation of the valley, which, opening only toward the south, is sheltered on north, east, and

west by densely wooded mountains. Not only, therefore, the most healthful, but also the most charming, feature of Marienbad is the noble forest, whose winding paths invite one to its shadowy groves on three sides of the town. From almost any portion of this health-resort the visitor may step at once into a gloriously roofed and richly tapestried cathedral, whose doors are always open to the worshiper; whose long-drawn aisles invite him to their tender twilight; whose incense is the perfume of pines; whose solemn music steals upon the silence like the breath of prayer. Walk where we will, we can remain for hours in this natural temple, the prototype of all the Gothic sanctuaries ever framed by man; a church without contentions, rivalries, or creeds; a shrine in which the universal Father is forever present. What can I say of German forests that will even partially convey the impression which they make upon me? If I had been a Druid in a previous incarnation, I could not have a greater love for trees than that which fills my soul. When these inimitable gifts of nature are discreetly shorn of wild growth, till they rise, erect, majestic, and severe, like stately columns, covering hundreds of square miles of mountain side, united in sublime companionship, yet still distinctly individual, as all great entities should ever be, I know of nothing finer in the world. Days spent in such a woodland are an inspiration and a joy forever. What wonder that the German *Wald* has always been a temple of the muses, the birthplace of innumerable themes of song and story! Mendelssohn's lovely "Fare thee well, thou forest fair!" is but the musi-

GOETHE'S MONUMENT.



GOETHE.

cal expression of a million hearts. There can, indeed, be little doubt that German forests have, from earliest times, imparted something of their own nobility to German character. For, though so eminently practical, scientific, painstaking, and methodical in their pursuits, the Germans, as a race, possess a marvelous amount of ideality and sentiment, a part of which must be ascribed to the inspiring influence of their sylvan solitudes. To sit above Marienbad on a summer morning, soothed by the peaceful beauty of the Böhmer Wald while listening to the dream-like music of the distant orchestra, is only one of many pleasures which this forest offers. Another is to walk for miles on gently sloping paths through avenues of dusky pines, encountering here and there those little shrines to the Madonna or the saints, which have replaced the rustic altars of the Teutons. Another is to linger, book in hand, in leafy nooks, whose stillness is invaded only by the sighing of the breeze; whose awe-inspiring gloom protects one from the ardent sun; and through whose narrow vistas one discerns long strips of sky, like fjords of a celestial sea. One feels at peace among these tall, potential masts, which yet shall never breast the waves. They teach one that restlessness and wandering are not all of life, and that the stately pine, whose roots are buried in its native soil, may no less certainly fulfil its destiny, than when transplanted to a wider world.

A FOREST SHRINE IN WINTER.

In one such tranquil spot, upon a wooded eminence near Marienbad, stands a monument to Goethe. It marks his favorite resting-place for rev-

erie. Upon the pedestal are inscribed the touching lines from his "Wanderer's Night Song," which he re-read, shortly before his death, with moistened eyes. Impetuous Youth strides by this slender obelisk, with scarce a glance, and heedless of its solemn words.

Maturity surveys them with a deeper scrutiny, and then, perhaps with tightened lips, goes once more swiftly to the busy world. Only the souls that see life's shadows lengthening eastward feel the poem's full significance.

"On every height there lies repose;
In all the tree-tops seest thou
Scarcely a breath;
The little birds are silent in the forest;
Only wait: soon shalt thou also rest."

GOETHE AT MARIENBAD.

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AND

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